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LITERARY AMUSEMENTS;

K
O R,

EVENING ENTERTAINER.

BY A FEMALE HAND.

CONTAINING,

The History of Mr. Allen.	Effects of Seduction.
The Life of an Author's.	Letter on Suicide.
The Enchanted Rose.	On the Studies of Women.
History of Nouzhatel.	William and Phebe.
Fatal Curiosity.	Thoughts on Friendship.
The Fox-hunters.	On Rural Simplicity.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY T. HENSHALL, FOR

S. PRICE, W. & H. WHITESTONE, T. WALKER,
J. BEATTY, E. CROSS and R. BURTON.

M DCC LXXXII.



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L I T E R A R Y
A M U S E M E N T S,

WRITTEN BY A LADY.

THE HISTORY OF MR. ALLEN,

BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION.

THE following production came into the hands of a worthy gentleman, lately deceased, by so extraordinary an incident, that, for the sake of the *moral* which it conveys, I beg leave to mention; hoping it may afford some instruction and amusement to the reader.

VOL. I.

B

In

2 LITERARY AMUSEMENTS.

In the west of England, a few years ago, resided an old gentleman, whose integrity and universal benevolence did honour to human nature.

Mr. Robert Allen (that was the name of this good man) was a descendant of the great Allen of Somersetshire, so justly celebrated by the immortal pen of the inimitable author of Tom Jones, under the name of Alworthy.

As Mr. Robert Allen possessed every virtue of his excellent relation, little more can be added to his praise. To relieve every object of distress within his reach; to instruct the ignorant, to comfort the afflicted, to amend the envious, to quiet the angry, and rectify the prejudices of his neighbours, were the employments of his blameless life.

He had the misfortune to lose in his youth, a very amiable wife and child; which calamities he sustained with

with the most exemplary patience, and christian resignation.

Besides his paternal estate, he had accumulated a large fortune in the former part of his life ; having been a considerable merchant at Lisbon.

Once, in every three years, he constantly visited London, merely on account of transacting his money-matters ; otherwise, it was with great reluctance he left the scenes of rural quiet for the hurry and noise of the metropolis.

As the whole business of this excellent man was to do *good* to every individual, so he made every incident in life contribute, by some means, to that laudable purpose.

He had always taken up his abode, during his stay in London, at the house of an honest tradesman near Temple Bar ; solely, because the man had formerly been a faithful servant to his cousin Allen. And for a course of years after, had given signal proofs

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of integrity and industry in his business, which was that of a haberdasher.

Mr. Robert Allen had set him up in business, and had furnished his house very genteely; the first floor of which he always occupied, whenever his affairs called him to London.

Mr. Lewis (the name of the haberdasher) was about the age of his venerable friend. He had, since he last saw him, buried his wife; a very notable good woman, and for his *sins*, if I may be allowed the expression, had been lately married to a young flirt, who had drawn in the old man by a pretty face, without any one good quality of either the head or heart. She tossed up her nose at all her neighbours, and was as proud as any woman of quality. She had wheedled her old man, as she called her worthy husband, to keep her a one horse chaise, and to take a lodging

ing upon Highgate-hill, for quiet and the benefit of the country air.

As this lady was immoderately fond of cards, she had a little kind of rout; every Thursday, in the apartments of her first floor.

A few days before one of these brilliant assemblies was to take place, Mr. Lewis received a letter from his worthy friend and benefactor, Mr. Allen, that he would be in town the Thursday following, and hoped those apartments he had occupied for above twenty years, would be in readiness to receive him.

The good haberdasher shewed his wife the letter, and remonstrated to her the necessity there was of putting off her usual weekly meeting:---but she cut him short, with saying, it was absolutely impossible; for that she had sent cards to her company for two months before, and that the *parties* were all made: that she should make no fuss about this old country

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gentleman, for that he must e'en take up his lodging up two pair of stairs.

Her poor husband sighed in the bitterness of his heart, but was forced to submit for the sake of domestic quiet.

Mr. Allen arrived at the house the time he had appointed; and as it happened to be on the Thursday evening, was surprised, on his alighting from his carriage, to see his dining-room illuminated with a great number of lights, and as he advanced up stairs, to hear a confused number of female voices.

The haberdasher, (for his wife was too fine a lady to appear on this occasion) after an hundred awkward apologies, conducted his worthy guest to the second floor, who soon retired to bed, but that sweet repose, which he usually found after a day spent in virtuous peace, he was now a stranger to, as the ladies below did not depart till after midnight; and he might as well

well have expected to have slept in the tower of Babel, as in such a confusion of voices.

They were at length no sooner departed, than the good man's slumbers were again disturbed, though from a very different cause. It was now from the room over his head, that proceeded sounds which prevented his getting any sleep. He heard, though but indistinctly, the plaintive wailing of a young infant, and the frequent sobbings of some woman.

As these melancholy sounds continued the chief part of the night, his compassion for the unhappy sufferers (whoever they were) was extremely excited. No man surely ever had more of what Shakespeare calls "the milk of *human kindness*," than Mr. Robert Allen; he therefore felt for every what being in distress. The pity he now felt was indeed heightened, when, by break of day, he distinctly heard the voices of several

B 4

children,

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children, and soon after the tread of many little feet in the chamber over his head.

The worthy man now arose, finding it impossible to get any sleep; and, after employing (as was his usual custom) an hour in his devotions and meditations, rang for his breakfast; soon after which, Mrs. Lewis herself made her appearance, and said, she was much afraid he had been disturbed by a parcel of squalling brats who lodged over his apartment.

“ I have been in pain (said the humane man) for some person who seemed in distress, pray, madam, is there a family?---I thought I heard some little folks.”

“ Yes, Sir, there is a family, indeed, of beggars--for any thing I know to the contrary--surely there never was a more ragged pack of chits to be seen than are the children; and the mother, from her appearance, I judge to have been a common street walker,
if

if she is not one now---Never did I see such a tattered figure!---But my husband is the greatest fool in the world, or he never would have taken them in.--I was, unfortunately, at my country lodgings when he simply took them under his roof."

"Have you ever seen this poor woman and her little ones? (asked Mr. Allen very gravely, who was not a little displeased with some words in the above speech of his landlady) have you visited her in her affliction?"

"I visit her, Sir!—no indeed:---I commence no acquaintance with lodgers in my *third* story.---As to letting lodgings to genteel families, as I am low spirited, and have weak nerves, I like to have company in the house, but as to a set of beggars!---Why, my maid Patty informs me this woman is often some days without a morsel of bread."

"Indeed! (interrupted Mr. Allen) and do you suffer a human being in

your house to endure the extremity of hunger?---Mercy on me!"

Mrs. Patty (who then entered the room) was asked by her mistress if she had seen the woman up stairs lately.

"Not I, indeed, madam!--- I think her ragged silk gown plainly shews what she *has been*, and what she *is*; I see her; not I truly.---I stands upon my character:---She may be a street walker, for what---"

She was going on, but Mr. Allen, shocked at the inhumanity of both the mistress and her maid, signified he was going to be busy, on which they departed.

Any one might have thought indeed that Mrs. Patty, by her dress, had been one of that unhappy class which her rigid *virtue* made her so cautious of avoiding; for her dress, which was a taudry gauze cap, with washed ribbons, and a dirty linen gown, drawn through the pocket holes, did

did not greatly recommend her appearance.

When the good man had got rid of these inhuman wretches, he stood like the inimitable figure of Garrick, in King Lear, for some moments *aghast*; and like that good old King, could not help exclaiming,

“ Are these women?——

“ Is there any cause in nature for such
hard hearts?”

“ Good heavens! (continued he) by what method can I best relieve these poor wretches?——Three days without bread, and I have fared sumptuously every day!——I must think of some way to relieve the distress of this unhappy woman without wounding her delicacy.——She may be, possibly, a person of family, and reduced from affluence to struggle with the miseries of poverty:——something must be done, and soon,”

Whilst the heart of this benevolent man was overflowing with humanity,
chance

chance gave him that day, an opportunity of seeing the whole miserable family, which had so much engaged his pity.

He was just going to a coffee-house, when, on the stair-case, he met the little melancholy groupe. The first object which presented itself, was a most amiable young woman, in very ordinary apparel, pale, and emaciated. On her languid cheek a tear was stealing down, whilst her eyes were cast on a little miserable babe, seemingly almost expiring, which she held in her arms, and which she beheld with unutterable woe. A little prating girl, of three years old, was hanging on her apron; and two fine boys, of four and five, brought up the rear; one with a pitcher of water, the other with a small loaf of bread.

Mr. Allen, who ever looked on misery with a kind of sacred pity, stood back, and gave this poor woman,

man, with her little ragged retinue, the wall to pass by, with as much deference and respect, as if she had been the first dutchess in the land.

A fine gown or petticoat, which so much attracts the *civility* of the world, and has a much *greater influence* over the minds of *most people* than is imagined, had a very contrary effect on this good man; as the very shabby garments of these poor people claimed his respect, instead of contempt; for he plainly saw they were the remains of better days, and could not help reflecting what that distress must be which had brought them to this extreme of wretchedness. His aged eyes *felt* the sacred drops of pity; and during his short walk, he was wholly absorbed in various schemes of providing for the speedy relief of the poor sufferers. He once thought of enclosing a bank bill, and sending it by the penny post; but as he then knew not her name,

name, that scheme he could not pursue till he made some enquiry how to direct to her: but the secret hand of providence soon pointed out a surer way; for as Mr. Allen was returning to his apartment that very day, he met in the passage the eldest little boy, ragged as a colt, but the very perfection itself of beauty and innocence. He held in one hand an old silver spoon, and in the other a bird cage, in which was a most beautiful Virginia nightingale.

“Where, my pretty boy, (said the compassionate man) are you going?”

“Oh, Sir, (replied the sweet fellow, with the chearful innocence of that engaging age) “I must help
 “my poor mamma if I can:—I
 “know my way into the next street,
 “and I am going to carry this cage
 “to the bird-shop.—This bird sings
 “sweetly:—what a pity to sell
 “him!—But, perhaps, I shall get
 “a little money for this spoon, if
 “not

“ not for the bird :---we have no-
 “ thing else left now to part with---
 “ and poor little Fanny is just dy-
 “ ing.---What can we do, Sir, for
 “ a little money ? for when she dies,
 “ my mamma says, she must have
 “ a coffin.- -What is a coffin ?”

Mr. Allen was so extremely affected
 with the distress and simplicity of
 this lovely boy, that he could not
 help bursting into tears. He took
 the child into his dining room, and
 enclosing a bank bill for twenty
 pounds in a piece of paper, bade him
 carry it up to his mother, and not
 sell her favourite bird, and that he
 would see her the next day to en-
 quire if he could be of any service
 to her.

The little boy ran with this
 message to his mother, whose sur-
 prise, it must be imagined, was
 great. As to Mr. Allen he retired
 to rest, and enjoyed that sweet re-
 pose which never fails to attend the
 slumbers of the good. As

As this humane gentleman felt himself uncommonly affected with the sufferings of this little distressed family, he was the next day uneasy till the hour arrived when he intended calling on them. He tapped gently at the door, which was opened by a little smiling girl.

It is impossible for any pen but a *Fielding's* to describe the scene of misery which presented itself. The wretched mother sat weeping over her dead infant, vainly fancying it still had life, and was not gone for ever!----The other children were crying for hunger and cold, the season being extremely severe; and they had not the least spark of fire in the wretched apartment, in which was every mark of the most bitter distress.

The poor woman was surprised at the appearance of a stranger, and looking up, with her face covered with tears, and with an air of dignity

nity which appeared in the midst of this scene of wretchedness, she attempted to rise; but Mr. Allen prevented her, begging her not to be disturbed by his presence.

"I saw, madam, your little boy yesterday, and by him I found that
——"

"I am glad, Sir, (interrupting him) of an opportunity of returning you the bank bill you sent by my child. Here it is——*unbroken*, I assure you, (presenting it) I am obliged to you——but cannot accept of that which it will never be in my power to repay. I am, it is true, under the hard hand of poverty——but, indeed, Sir, I neither can, nor will, accept this (again offering the bill) on any consideration. When this poor babe, who expired this morning, is laid in the earth (continued she, bursting into tears) these hands will provide a support for my little ones left:——it is for their
distresses

distresses alone, that my heart bleeds, when they are crying round me for bread.—But as to your bounty, Sir, I must insist on returning it.”

Mr. Allen, who was astonished at these noble sentiments, with such a picture of real distress on all sides, most vehemently insisted on the acceptance of what he called a trifle.

“ I feel (said he) for the sufferings of these little ones ; I have been myself a parent.

“ I am, madam, most deeply affected with your sorrows :---my tears, you see, will flow---an old man’s tears---but what of that ?---they are tears of sincerity.---Once more, let me beg your acceptance, of what you stand in such extreme need of.”

His persuasions, however, were in vain, and the poor woman continued inflexible in her refusal of his generous offer. She acknowledged, in the warmest terms her gratitude, and begged him to sit down.

The

The little children now gathered round his knees, whom he kissed by turns, took them in his arms, and treated them with cakes and sweetmeats, which he had brought in his pockets for that purpose. He felt himself uncommonly affected, whilst the little innocents, who were now playing round him in the highest spirits (for with children of that age,

“The tears *forgot* as soon as *shed* ;”

and were asking him many little questions with the beautiful simplicity of their early years.

“Tell me, madam (said Mr. Allen, wiping the tear which flowed down his aged cheek) what I can do to serve you. Have you any parents ---any friend, to whom I shall apply for your relief?”

“I have none, she replied weeping) no parent---no friends!---I am a stranger in this land!---Helpless! and have no one to apply to for relief. I wish I knew where to dispose of
of

of this manuscript (reaching her hand to a bundle of papers, which lay on an old broken chair by her side) if I could find a bookseller to purchase this little work, I should then have the means of procuring bread for these poor babes. I have offered it to one or two of that profession, but have met with inconceivable difficulties in the disposal of it; as one bookseller told me, he never published a work without a name; and another——.”

“Pray (interrupted Mr. Allen) when did you write it? Is it a novel? I have no great opinion of modern novels.”

“It is not a novel, Sir.---It is a miscellaneous collection; but they are not of my writing——Chance brought the work to my hands, by a very odd incident. As I was one day rummaging an old worm eaten chest, I saw in one corner of my wretched apartment, a large
bundle

bundle of papers, but so defaced by mildew and damp, that I could hardly make out the contents. The title page was so much damaged, that only the words, *Literary Amusements* ---written by a Lady, was legible.

I have, however, with much difficulty, every evening, when my children were asleep, set about transcribing the work; as a thought occurred to me, that it might, perhaps, be some little advantage to me in my extreme distress; but, alas! after all the incredible pains I have taken, I cannot get a purchaser for it."

"If you will entrust me with it, madam," said Mr. Allen, I will endeavour to dispose of it for you.---A woman is often imposed on in these matters."

The poor woman thankfully put the manuscript into Mr. Allen's hands.

"Depend, madam, on my utmost zeal to serve you," said he.---I will return in a very short time."

Saying

Saying which, he put the manuscript into his pocket, and immediately departed; highly satisfied that he now had an opportunity of serving a woman of such exalted merit, without hurting her delicacy. And she, on her part, looked on him as an angel sent from heaven to afford her relief, in her pressing necessity.

After passing an hour at an adjacent coffee-house, in looking over the papers of the day, he hastened back to his own room, and having locked up the manuscript in a drawer, instantly went up to the wretched family.

“Here, madam,” said the good man, as he entered the apartment, “is the purchase of your book (putting twenty guineas in her hand) and I hope the sum will content you.”

The unhappy woman, as may be easily imagined, was all joy and thankfulness on the occasion.

“Despairing, Sir, (said she) of your success, I was, just before you arrived,

arrived, considering how I could procure a sufficient sum to pay for the coffin of my dear babe; when it occurred to me that I had a little miniature picture of my excellent mother, set round with diamonds, which I have carefully preserved as the very last resource in my extreme need.--- I cannot trouble you again with my affairs, otherwise would beg your servant to dispose of these diamonds, which are set round this little picture."

"I insist, madam, cried the good man) that I may execute this commission myself.---Where is the picture?

The unhappy woman then opening a small casket which was by her, and sighing bitterly, took out a small picture, and presented to Mr. Allen.

"Gracious heaven; (exclaimed he, starting back) what do I see?---The image of my dearest wife!---My long lost Louisa!---O my heart! it is---it
is

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is Louisa!---Say, dear madam, how this picture came in your possession. You mentioned just now a mother--- Oh, my throbbing breast! But my wife, my lovely little Fanny, both had a watry grave in their passage from Lisbon."

"From Lisbon did you say? (interrupted the amiable young woman) Alas! that was the place of my birth: and at the age of three years, I was, with my dear mother, shipwrecked on the coast of Spain.---She, alas! was lost for ever; whilst her wretched Fanny was doomed to---"

"Fanny! did you say?---Oh, tell me---what---be quick---inform me, madam, what was your maiden name!"

"Allen, Sir."

"O my child!--my child---cried the enraptured father---It is---It must be so."---clasping her in his arms, in an agony of joy and wonder.

His happy daughter, for so indeed she was, hung on his neck in speechless

less transport, whilst the ecstatic father continued—" Say, my child ---how hast thou been preserved?--- O secret, wonder-working hand of providence!---The dreadful tidings of my ship-wrecked Louisa, and my little daughter, an infant, in captain Osmond's ship, on the coast of Spain, is an undoubted fact---is it not?"

" Yes, my dearest father," answered his long-lost child, " look at these letters, of my lamented mother :---and these from yourself to her, after your departure from Lisbon. The servant who attended me from my infancy, and whose life was saved with mine, carefully preserved these letters and this casket. --- Anne Williams was her name : she was my nurse-maid, and you must well remember her."

" I do---I do---" cried the amazed father.---" Good heavens, when did she die?"

“ About six years since :---and it was from her I often heard (as it was our almost constant subject) the sad catastrophe of my dear mother's death; and that Mr. Robert Allen, my father, had lived somewhere in the west of England.”

“ But say, my child,” said this fond parent, who, as Shakespeare says of Old King Cymbeline, on the discovering Imogen to be his daughter,

“ Was *wild* in his *beholding*,”

“ say, my Fanny, what melancholy accidents have reduced thee to this distress?---Oh! to find thee---and to find thee *thus*, so *firm* in virtue, is too much for my old heart to bear. ---Who did you marry?---Oh, tell me all.”

“ A ship, Sir, that was going from Spain to Jamaica, carried us
with

with captain Osmond (who was happily preserved) to that Island. That worthy man left me to the care of his sister, who was settled there; and with that good woman I lived to the age of seventeen, when a nephew of her's soon after married me, and with whom I lived long enough to be the mother of these little things you now see round me. We wrote to you, my dear Sir, and sent the letter under cover to a friend of my husband's, in London, to forward it to you, but receiving no answer, we concluded you were no more.----Mr. Ashley (my husband) was no œconomist: he died suddenly, and left me greatly involved. To satisfy all his creditors, I reduced myself to great straits. A lady, who was coming to England, kindly offered to bear my expences, and promised to use her utmost endeavours to find you, if living, or otherwise to provide for

C 2

me.

me. Alas! this dear friend died the week after our arrival in London of the small pox; which fatal distemper I likewise caught, and all my little ones. This was a great, and unexpected expence to me, and it was still encreased, as I was, soon after, delivered of this poor babe, now dead. These events following so fast---for, alas! my poor husband had not been dead six months; all together, I say, were too much for my spirits to sustain, and I sunk into a low fever, in which I languished several weeks.---I was now reduced to want even the common necessaries of life:-----indeed my case was truly lamentable---alone!----no money!---in a strange country!---"

"O cease, my dearest child, I cannot bear this," said the tender father, bursting into tears, "it is too much!--I will *suppose*, after much suffering, the secret hand of that heavenly power, whose chiefest
care

care is distressed innocence, led thee hither to this amazing discovery.—

And have I found thee?—(Once

more clasping her in his arms)

—Not the united world shall ever part us more.”

He then kissed, and wept over the children, and immediately ordering large and elegant lodgings to be got ready for their reception, in Pall Mall, they were all conveyed there as soon as possible; and where we will leave them to that refined happiness, which only minds like Mr. Allen's can experience.

Reader, the moral of this little story is so obvious, it requires no explanation.—*Every* man, it is true, in relieving a distressed object, may not meet with a lost child; but *every* man may, in *some* degree, enjoy that exquisite

satisfaction which is the never-failing reward of those who practise the great duties of *humanity* and *benevolence* to their fellow-creatures.

THE

THE LIFE OF AN AUTHORESS.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

I Remember to have read in a periodical paper, some years ago, a proposal for building an hospital for decayed authors, which gave me real satisfaction ; as, I was in hopes, some part of so charitable an institution might perhaps be appropriated to the relief of decayed *authoresses* likewise. If the aged, the sick, and the blind are universally esteemed objects of compassion, how much more so are those who have so intensely used their understandings for the benefit of *others*, that they are, thereby, rendered unfit for every *self* pursuit ! How many sublime
B 4
geniuses

geniuses (as a celebrated writer remarks) do we daily see, who have so long feasted their minds with *Pierian* delicacies, as to leave their bodies to perish, with hunger and nakedness !

But lest the above laudable charity, like many others, should never be put into execution, I take some degree of merit to myself, in warning every indigent woman, who is troubled with the *itch of scribbling*, to beware of my unhappy fate, by a perusal of the following short history of myself, and beg her to take this advice ; that, whatever share of learning, or wit she may have, if she has nothing better to recommend her to public favour, she must be content to hunger and thirst all her days in a garret as I have done.---But to my story.

I am the daughter of a clergyman of great piety and learning, who, with the resolution of a martyr,
con-

continued to starve on a poor curacy of thirty pounds a year, which was ill paid, and in the very worst part of the fens in Lincolnshire.

I had the misfortune to lose my mother in my infancy; which calamity endeared me so much to my father, that I became the darling of his heart, and my education the chief business of his life.

As he spent the greatest part of his time in his study, I was there frequently with him. At the age of six years, instead of playing like other children, with my doll, I was perhaps sitting (as I read even then perfectly well) with a large folio before me, or assisting my excellent father, who used to call me his little *librarian*, in arranging his sermons, and other manuscripts. At seven years of age I taught myself, with very little instructions, to write. ---This was a perpetual fund of amusement to me.

By the time I had reached my tenth year, I had written several little odes and essays, with which my father was greatly delighted.

I had an inexhaustible taste for reading; and can truly say, I had perused every book in the house, not only in divinity, but in philosophy and natural history, by the time I had attained my fifteenth year.

About this time I had composed a long Ode on the Spring, which my fond parent thought he could never enough sufficiently admire.--- In the overflowing of his parental tenderness, he went and shewed it to a rich old gentleman (who was my god-father) imagining he would be as much delighted with the production as himself; but, alas! he was struck with dismay, when the gentleman, who was a testy old batchelor, had cast his eyes on my verses, and instantly exclaimed, in a fretful and peevish tone, "An Ode,
" in-

"indeed!-----Pshaw----- What stuff!

"Can she make a pudding?"

My poor father, thus disappointed, mounted his horse, and rode home again, not a little chagrined.

This excellent parent, soon after, by attending to pray by a poor day-labourer, and afterwards walking two miles in a rainy night, to perform the burial service, caught a violent cold, which, in a fortnight carried him to his grave.

I had this reflection to console myself with, that I had been the darling of this good man's heart, from the first days of my prattling infancy, to the moment he expired in my arms: a proof that I had never given him one moment's disquietude. I stood in need of my utmost philosophy to bear this stroke; but endeavoured to take comfort, from the reflection, that he

he was gone to *where alone his virtues could be rewarded.*

I was now entirely destitute of the means of support: I had, however, an aunt, who lived near London, and who had an easy fortune. She gave me an invitation to stay with her till I could be provided with some means of subsistence. Before I left Lincolnshire, I wrote an affecting letter to my god-father; but he had been so much displeased with my writing *odes*, that he sent me word he would have nothing to do with a *wit*.

At my aunt's I arrived with a heavy heart; she held her head very high, as her husband was a second cousin to an Irish baronet; and it was hard to say whether her two daughters, or herself, were most proud and self-conceited. It is impossible to express what I suffered in this disagreeable family. My
cousins

cousins were perpetually whispering and caballing against me. I was often omitted to be called down to dinner or supper, because they said, they supposed I was too deeply engaged *with the Muses* to think of *eating*. At other times, I was insulted by being called the philosopher in petticoats. I was perpetually teized to make verses on the most insignificant subjects, and was told I must not refuse to comply, because, forsooth, I had always a muse at my elbow. Sometimes I was called upon to solve a question in the most difficult sciences; which as I could not pretend to do, I was insulted with a violent laugh, and, "Ah poor cousin! what does your great learning fail you?"---my proud aunt used often to bless herself, that her poor girls were not *wits*!

I could easily account for all this malice and envy: my spiteful cousins

fins were afraid that I should rob them of their *admirers*, as I had often compliments paid in their hearing, both to my understanding and person. My situation, at length, became so very irksome, I was determined to acquaint my aunt, that I intended, with her permission, to earn, by my needle, with some milliner, in town, a maintenance for my support.

“ My permission ! (she replied) you certainly have it. London is, indeed, the fittest place for you, for there you may live by your *wits*.”

I saw at the bottom that she was glad to get rid of me ; though she at last pretended to take amiss my leaving her. I saw plainly, that she made this a pretext for not advancing any thing *material* towards my future support. She, however, when I came to depart, presented me with a ten pound note, and gave me a direction to a milliner in Pall Mall.

After

After many cruel farcasms, flung out by my cousins, I got into the stage coach, with my little luggage, which passed by my aunt's door to London, and, forlorn as my condition was, I that moment experienced the sweetest of all enjoyments, *liberty*.

As there was no passenger but myself, I was so much absorbed in my contemplations, that when I arrived at the great metropolis, I most unfortunately left in the stage coach a little box, in which was the ten pound note my aunt had given me, with the direction to the milliner: and what I thought was still worse, there were likewise, in that box, a large collection of poems I had written during my abode at my aunt's, a tragedy of my own writing, and several other pieces that I intended for publication.

I did not miss my loss till I was got in a hackney coach, which I
had

had ordered to be driven into Pall Mall, nor till I discovered I had lost the direction to the particular house, the coachman asking where I would be set down. I was then first acquainted with having met with this most unlucky misfortune. However, a lodging must be procured; and after much perturbation of mind, I stopped at a shop, where I agreed for a small lodging by the week. I immediately sent to the stage coachman, but he was not to be found, and I was obliged to sit down with my loss.

Inexperienced as I was in the ways of London, I imagined it would be very easy to get some employment for my needle; but here I found myself egregiously mistaken. I looked over my little cash, and finding only five guineas left, began to be very seriously alarmed. I had some thoughts of writing another tragedy, but, alas! the *Muses* were

were rather shy of their assistance, or, like other fine ladies, shunned an object in distress. At length I determined to write a novel.---I soon fixed on a subject; but by the time I had finished it, was reduced to my last guinea. However, by scribbling night and day, I at last got through my work, which was four volumes. I took my performance, with some manuscript sermons of my dear father's, which I intended to dispose of, and went to a bookseller, who was luckily alone, and I acquainted him with my business.

I first presented my novel, when, to my no small mortification, after glancing his eye over the title page, he exclaimed, "A novel! nothing of this kind is *now* read, I assure you :---Novels are a drug,---a mere drug.---they are as dead a weight upon our hands as *sermons*. Surely, madam, you must know that this kind of writing is perfectly exploded!

ploded!--No such things are read now-a-days."

I modestly replied, "I had not heard of any change in the taste of the age, on this account, and that I thought they had been as much perused as ever.---Had you not told me, Sir, that *sermons* are not more read than *novels*, I had brought here some manuscripts of the kind written by a very learned, pious man, who---"

Here the bookseller interrupted me.

"Ah! madam, (said he) learning and piety are of little service in an author without a *name*."

He then slightly glanced his eye over the sermons.

"Aye---I see what they are.---Some country clergyman, I suppose---for the benefit of his widow, or a family of small children left unprovided---Is it not so, madam?"

I told him, for neither;---but earnestly desired he would recommend

mend some other of his profession, who might not make his objections. He shook his head, declared he knew of none, and I departed, mortified beyond conception.---I however made another effort to dispose of my unfortunate property, but met with as little success. One bookseller said the novel was too long; another, it was too short; and that it would not make more than one volume. A third told me the sermons were wrote in an antiquated style, which nobody would read; and that the subjects were quite out of fashion.

“Heavens (thought I) can there be a fashion in sermons? Are not the sacred tenets of the gospel always *invariably* the *same*? And must we change them as we do our dress?”

I was now reduced to my last shilling; and in a kind of despair,
fold

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fold both the sermons and the novel to a bookfeller, for the pitiful price of two guineas. I was soon after reduced to the utmost distress; and, like the rest of those unhappy wretches who are doomed to write for bread, am now constrained to take up my abode in a miserable garret, whilst, merely to sustain life, I undertake the most slavish of all employments, that of translating (for I am well acquainted with the French and Italian languages) for the bookfellers. The life of a galley-slave is even preferable to my state of slavery: I am a beggar without enjoying air and liberty: I have the confinement of a servant, without the regular diet and wages which a servant receives, and am condemned to perform a severe task, by a certain period of time, which, when with the utmost difficulty is *performed*, I am often obliged to transcribe the whole

whole work over again. In this wretched employment, I have lingered on to my thirtieth year; and should often have been absolutely starved, but for the accidental relief, which now and then publishing an occasional poem, has given me. I lived one whole twelve-month on an essay on the benefits of spare diet, which I translated from the Italian of Lewis Cornaro; after which, I was soon compelled to practise myself the scheme of fasting, I had so warmly been recommending to others.

To add to my distresses, I have written myself almost blind, with continually poring on the old authors I have been so long engaged with, and have, besides, from the constant posture of writing, contracted a disorder in my lungs, which, I imagine, will soon put an end to a life of pain and misery.

I remem-

I remember an old saying that *learning* is better than *house* or *land*, but I can truly say I have never found it so, and fear I shall soon be obliged to commit my person for safety, to the confinement of the fleet.

I would have other young women, who are left in indigent circumstances (for whose warning I write this) apply themselves sooner to the *spinning-wheel*, than the *pen*, that they may not be pining with hunger and cold in a wretched garret, like

The unfortunate

ARPASIA.

A singular

A singular Adventure, described, in a Letter from a Gentleman in London to his Friend in the Country.

DEAR FRANK,

YOU doubtless wonder at a silence so much longer than usual, on my side ; but when I inform you, of the extraordinary incident which has occasioned it, your surprize will be still increased. What will you say, my friend, when I tell you, I am become in one short hour as true a lover in the words of Shakespeare,

“ As ever sigh’d upon a midnight pillow ?”

Do not laugh at this confession ;--- but, in sober sadness, I am over head and ears in love.

Impossible !

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Impossible! you cry; what you who have so long defied the sex?

Yes, Frank,---I am fairly caught, ---and my next letter, I foresee, will be to desire you to give orders to my servants at my seat at the Grove, in your county, to prepare every thing in the house and gardens with the utmost elegance, for their master's nuptials.

But to lead, in some order, to this wonderful event.

About a fortnight ago, I dined at the Star and Garter with a select party of friends, and we did not break up till near twelve at night. My chariot, by some means, was not arrived, and as it was moonlight, I chose to walk home, as the distance was so little. I had not gone twenty yards before I was accosted by a female voice, earnestly begging me to stop one moment.

You know my sober principles too well, my friend, to make it
necessary

necessary for me to say, a request from one of *that class* of females, of which this young creature appeared to be, never yet, and never will, meet with any attention from me; but there was something in this girl's voice particularly plaintive and irresolute.

I turned round to see who it was that spoke, when I saw the face of the most beautiful young creature I had ever beheld, covered with tears. She was endeavouring to conceal those tears under a little black bonnet. The moon shone so bright, I could plainly see she was neatly drest, and had a small bundle under her arm. I put my hand in my pocket to give her a few shillings, but found I had only a ten pound note.

As from her manner she appeared in the utmost distress, I bade her follow me to the tavern, which

was next door, and I would get change, and give her a crown, to keep herself *honest*. She clasped her hands with great energy, exclaiming, "God bless you!"---and followed me, but with such weak, feeble steps, that I imagined she must have been just risen from a sick bed.

When we arrived at the tavern, I ordered a room; and whilst the waiter was getting change for my note, I rang for a bottle of wine, and a cold chicken.---She stood all this time at a distance, but on seeing me cutting up the chicken, in a kind of frenzy, for which I could not then account, she suddenly flung herself at my feet, and with a frantic air, which, however, was inimitably beautiful, caught me by the arm, exclaiming, with the utmost earnestness,---"For heaven's sake, forbear to touch that food, till I have carried a morsel of it
to

to my wretched parents who, with my three little brothers, are starving,---are perishing with hunger;---not even one mouthful of bread, have they tasted these two days."

I went to raise her, but whether this young creature imagined I was going to take some unbecoming liberties from my taking hold of her, to place her in a chair, I know not, but, violently screaming, she fainted immediately. I was extremely surprized and affected. I then saw her lovely face was much emaciated, and likewise her arms; as if, from having suffered long in great *want*.

To enable her to breathe with greater freedom, I flung off her bonnet, which had before concealed the profusion of her fine hair, and an old tattered, but clean laced cap, which spoke its wearer had known better days. I gazed

upon her with astonishment—her extreme youth; her meagre appearance (but ah! how lovely!) strongly excited my pity;----whilst her languid head was reclined on my shoulder. As she still continued in this strong fainting fit, I rang the bell for water and hartshorn, when a pert waiter appeared, who pretending to be witty on the occasion, cried, “Upon my word, “she acts it rarely:---I judged, when “your honour brought her in, she “was some artful hussy. This girl, “Sir, young as she is, I warrant “has been upon the town, off and “on, for these several years past, “and these fits, I suppose, are a “new stratagem.”

I bade him forbear his impertinence, and bring some hartshorn. The fellow withdrew, shrugging his shoulders, and repeating, “hartshorn, indeed! God help thee for an honest country gentleman.”

The

The lovely girl soon after began to recover; when staring upon me wildly, "with famine in her eye," she begged I would give her one morsel of bread, for that she was almost expiring for want of food.

---With frightful eagerness she devoured what I gave her on the plate, then burst into a violent passion of tears, which greatly relieved her. I begged to know her sorrows, and assured her that she was in safe and honourable hands.

---Honourable I chose to say, as I was convinced from her unaffected reserve, and delicacy of manner, that she was perfectly innocent; and that her accosting me in the street, was merely owing to her despair, and the bitterness of her distress.

When her oppressed heart seemed relieved by her tears, I begged to know what was the present situation of her parents, whom she had

mentioned with such heart-felt sorrow.

“I am (continued I) accustomed to hear the language of anxiety, but custom has not made me insensible to distress, or inattentive to its relief.”

Heavens! with what a piercing look of gratitude did she regard me, on my saying this!—Ah! my friend;—I am convinced, that from that moment she was not indifferent to me! I soon found she had no studied tale to tell;—but in the most artless manner she informed me, that her father had been a very considerable merchant in London:—But take her own words, in her own simple style, the genuine language of pure nature.

“My father dealt very largely at Lisbon, in partnership with my uncle, for whom he was unfortunately bound in a bond of five thousand pounds. My uncle failing

ing the next year, the whole debt fell upon my father, who had just received the sad news of hearing his whole plantations had been destroyed by an hurricane at Antigua. By these great and unavoidable misfortunes, he found himself reduced to the greatest distress. Every thing was seized, and my poor parents, with three little boys and myself, were obliged to secrete ourselves in an obscure lodging, where we soon began to suffer the extremes of poverty. My dear mother parted with every article of that apparel she had worn in better days, and indeed with every the most common necessities. They both said they could support their own misfortunes with some degree of fortitude; but when they heard my little brothers crying round them for bread, then it was they felt the most poignant anguish. As to me, sir, (continued the sweet girl, with an angel's innocence) as

I was now turned of fifteen, I did what I could to support these dear parents with my needle; but, alas! a violent fever, from which I am but barely recovered, rendered that pleasing task impossible: I have, however crawled out, for this last month unknown to the wretched family, and sold a few useless trinkets I had by me; and, indeed, the chief part of my apparel, together with a piece of lace which was given me by my god-mother;---but, alas! I could get but little for these things. My poor father, to add to our misery, has been extremely ill for several weeks; and, terrible to relate, my excellent mother, who has long been in a declining state, spent with hunger, and harrassed by fatigue, is now, with her beloved husband, absolutely perishing with famine.—— My youngest brother is sickening with the small pox, and the others I left crying for bread.---Oh, Sir,

(con-

(continued she weeping) --- I could not bear it!---In a fit of despair, I took the last garment I have in the world in this small bundle, and came out this evening to purchase, with its value, a morsel of some comfortable food for my dying parents, but could by no means dispose of my small parcel. Driven almost to phrenzy, I was determined to ask charity of the first person I should see who had the appearance of a gentleman. Pity the sufferings, Sir, of these miserable parents,---of these wretched children.---And, Oh, (throwing herself at my feet, in the most heart-moving attitude) spare--- spare my innocence!"

O, my friend, what a wretch must that man be, who would have robbed her of it!---I was not that man, nor had a thought entered my breast that was not guarded by the strictest virtue.

“ Rise, (said I, with as much tenderness as I could speak) rise, and be assured I will this moment relieve the distresses of your unhappy family. I will attend you to their abode. Where is it ?”

“ In a wretched alley, in the next street (she replied in a transport of gratitude, snatching my hand to her lips) O, gracious heaven !---but can you, Sir---will you be so good ?”

I rang the bell to have a coach called, and ordered a hamper to be filled with wines and foods of various kinds.

All being ready, I handed this lovely girl into the coach, into which I got myself with our luggage, and soon arrived, by her direction, at the entrance of a dark narrow alley.

Oh, my friend ! what a refined delight did I that moment enjoy ! how infinitely superior to the most voluptuous enjoyments of the most sensual libertine !

My

My fair conductress led me, or rather I followed her, to a miserable old house up the alley, and after we had ascended four pair of stairs, she stopped at a small chamber door, when I told my guide, I thought it best she should enter first, lest the appearance of a stranger might be too much for the spirits of the sick inhabitants. I stood behind an old screen, where it was impossible I should be seen, though I could hear all that passed.---But what language can express the affecting scene! The eloquence of a Rousseau, the pen of a Richardson, could only do it justice.

On an old tattered bed lay the emaciated father, supporting in his feeble arms, a woman whom I thought already dead, though it proved afterwards, that she had just fallen into a short slumber.---Two little boys were kneeling by the side of a child; who appeared extremely
ill.

ill of the small pox, and who was wrapt in a blanket, and lay on the hearth, on which were a few dying embers.

“ Oh, Harriet, I am glad you are come; (said one of the little boys) I have been nursing Tommy ever since you went.---He cries for water, but I have none to give him. As to my poor mamma, I believe she is gone indeed.”

The amiable Harriet now advanced to the bed of her parents, and kneeling by her mother, kissed her pale cheek.

“ Art thou gone (said she) for ever !
---no- -not for ever !”

The father now opened his languid eyes.

“ Harriet, my child (in faltering accents he said) where hast thou been ?
---Thy poor mother is sleeping : --
speak softly.---Get me a drop of water.
---I am very faint.---But say, where hast thou been ?”

Oh,

“ Oh, Sir, I have met with a guardian angel : --- (presenting him with a cup of wine) --- drink this, --- and I will tell you all.”

“ Alas ! rash girl --- what hast thou done ? say --- thou hast not sold thy innocence ! Distracting thought ! --- it must --- it must be so. O heavens ! all --- all --- but this I could have borne ! --- what am I to think of this --- (looking on what was brought) but that thy infamy has been the shocking purchase ? --- This, --- this is *death* indeed ! --- O Harriet ! whilst thou wast honest, *then* --- *thou wast a cherubim.*”

I now advanced ; --- and after clearing up the whole affair --- and assuring him, that I was come to see, --- to serve, --- and to relieve them to the utmost of my power, --- I intreated him to partake of the food which was set before him ; --- and added, that his admirable daughter was spotless, as angel-innocence.

The

The mother now awoke, and being informed of the above particulars, clasped my hand in hers with a speechless transport, that beggars all description.

I assisted the lovely daughter in giving some nourishment to these worthy people; whilst the little children kneeled around us, and claimed their share.—What an hour of heart-felt satisfaction was this,

“To vulgar minds unknown!”

I was delighted with Mr. Ashley, which is the name of this good man.—I found him sensible and well bred. After a short time spent, I took my leave and retired for that night, with a promise to return in the morning, to consult by what methods I should best relieve their distresses. Ah, Frank!—I retired to my splendid apartments, --- but found not there, my wonted rest! The affecting scene of misery I had just

just left, but, above all, the idea of the exalted daughter never left me one moment.

I rose early, and after having provided large and very commodious lodgings for Mr. Ashley's family, my feet imperceptibly guided me to where I was more interested than I even then knew. My own carriage, and a coach attending by my order, after I had defrayed every expence at the wretched garret, conveyed the whole family and myself to their new apartments, where I had provided proper servants to attend them; and by the help of an excellent physician, have the extreme joy to see both Mr. and Mrs. Ashley wonderfully recovered: ---in fact, the want of proper food, and other necessaries of life, was what had brought on their wasting disorders.

I pass over their unbounded gratitude to me on this occasion: indeed
it

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it gives me pain to hear the effusion of their honest hearts. And, after all, what have I done more than my bare duty?---In fact, I am the obliged party; as in relieving the distresses of these worthy people, I experience the most exquisite satisfaction.

Extreme indeed is it, when I see this excellent father, this tender mother, daily increasing in health and strength, snatched, as it were, from the borders of the grave; and when I see the roses, which had so long left the languid cheek of the sweet Harriet blushing a deeper dye, whilst her shining eyes beam with sense, and with a softer sentiment than gratitude, when turned on me ---this, all this, I say, is satisfaction in the extreme.

The lovely children, now all in perfect health, are playing round me;---each striving who most, with the endearing innocence of that early age,

age, can best amuse me---whilst they

“Climb my knee by turns;”

“--- to share the envied kifs.”

These, my friend, are my present delights.

I have summoned Mr. Ashley's creditors, and put every thing in such a train, with regard to his affairs (by a large loan I have advanced him) that every thing will soon be happily settled. If a *certain event* takes place, on which my whole *heart* is fixed, I shall settle Mr. Ashley, and his amiable wife (I have already engaged to take care of the boys education) at that little pleasant house near you with the estate round it, called, the Oaks. In the mean time, my friend, in your next morning's ride take a surveyor with you, and let me know what will be wanting to repair it, in the most compleat manner, for the reception of these worthy people

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ple. My next letter will, probably, inform you that I am the happiest of men, in the possession of my angelic Harriet.

In every condition of life, you know I am

Most faithfully yours,

C--- L---

Anecdote

Anecdote of King James the First.

THE following bagatelle was written, as is supposed, in the reign of that weak prince, king James the First; the occasion as follows :

The king and queen had commanded a play at the Black Fryars ; in their train was the court fool ; whose name I have forgot. During part of the representation, several superb, transparent scenes, representing a magnificent palace, were exhibited, with which the king was so delighted, that, at the letting down the curtain, he was led, by a strange curiosity, to examine them from the back of the stage ; ridiculously imagining, that, as they looked so well *before* the lights, they must appear still to greater advantage *behind* them. Before he had time

time to convince himself of the folly of this opinion, something from above, letting down from a rope, had very near fallen upon his head, but he escaped with only a slight contusion on his shoulder. This accident had such an effect upon him, that it was some time before he could be prevailed on to honour the house again with his presence.

Whether the circumstances said to have followed this accident have any foundation in truth, or whether they are only the effusions of a luxuriant fancy, I am not able to say; however, the whole I have literally copied from the original manuscript now in my possession, and which has been preserved in the family ever since the decease of my great grandfather, who is said to have been the writer, and an eye-witness of the transaction.

KING

KING JAMES and his FOOL.

A T A L E.

WHEN the King, at the play, saw the scenes
all so fine,
Which the lamps fix'd behind made so prettily
shine,

He star'd and he wonder'd, and wonder'd and star'd;
Then said to the Queen, loud enough to be heard,

“ My confort, my dear, I'm strongly inclin'd
“ To take the fool * with me, and view them be-
“ hind.

“ For, if in the *front* they so well do appear,

“ Lord! how they must look *t'other side* them, my
“ dear ?”

So saying, the King took the Fool by the hand
To the back of the stage ; when taking his stand,
He gaz'd with delight at the wonderful show,
And thought them enchanting, so all in a-row !

* It was the custom of the time for the King to have
his fool, who was allowed to speak the severest things
with impunity.

When

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When a crack from above made the Monarch to
stare,
And to wish from his heart that he had not been
there.

Nay some do aver, that he broke wind behind ;
That loud was the noise, and the smell most un-
kind.

But this must be false all good Scotchmen declare,
As a King never f--ts but he sweetens the air.
That none but an Englishman ever could think,
That a true Lord's anointed emits any stink.

The King, fore affrighted, soon quitted the scene,
And with looks full of horror ran up to the Queen.

" 'Twas a mercy," he cry'd, " that I scap'd ;
" as, no doubt,
" If that thing there had tumbled 'twou'd have
" beat my brains out.
" And if that had happen'd, oh ! what a sad thing,
" To deprive of its brains the wise head of a king !"

" Adzooks !" cry'd the Fool, quite surpriz'd at
" the news,
" Why I've always been told you've not any to
" lose !"

THOUGHTS

THOUGHTS in SOLITUDE.

Written in a WOOD.

“ **H**A I L, mildly pleasing solitude,
 “ Companion of the wise and good ;
 “ But, from whose holy piercing eye,
 “ The herds of fools and villains fly.
 “ Oh ! how I love with thee to walk,
 “ And listen to thy whisper’d talk,
 “ Which innocence and truth imparts,
 “ And melts the most obdurate hearts.
 “ Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell !
 “ And in thy deep recesses dwell ;
 “ For ever with thy raptures fir’d,
 “ For ever from the world retir’d.”

THOMSON.

How delightful is this sweet retreat ! --- Under the shade of this spreading oak, by the side of this brawling brook, I will contemplate
 the

the amazing system of wonders which my God has so lavishly poured round this sequestered spot! Heavens! what a sacred silence reigns! not a leaf moves ---- the winds are hushed. Methinks the great spirit of nature seems to solace itself in these peaceful shades of solitude, unknown to man. — Here I will renew my aspirations to the ever-present deity.

“ Hail ! source of being, universal spirit, hail !

“ To thee I bow my knee, to thee my thoughts

“ Continual climb ———

“ Who, with a master hand, hast the great whole

“ Into perfection wrought ; who, boundless spirit all,

“ With unremitting energy sustains pervades

“ Adjusts and agitates the whole.”

I will here contemplate the amazing works of the great God of heaven and earth ; and endeavour, by so doing, to excite in my

my heart those devout affections which are the very essence of praise. And indeed, if we are sincerely resolved on this most delightful duty, of praising the infinite Creator, the means and the motives are always at hand. His works present themselves every moment in a wonderful and instructive manner, with amazing manifestations of the most transcendent excellencies of their Maker. They pour their evidence from every quarter: I taste his goodness, in the melting peach; I smell his sweetness, in the new-blown rose; I hear his harmony in the nightingale's song; but chiefly the magnificent system of the universe invites me to contemplate the consummate wisdom and execution, inimitably perfect: power, to which nothing is impossible; and goodness, which extendeth to all, and endureth for ever.

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E

But

But say, my soul, which shall I most admire, his unceasing liberality in this profusion of his works, or their amazing beauty, which is the perfection of all elegance?

“ And yet, was ev’ry falt’ring tongue of man,

“ Almighty Father ! silent in thy praise,

“ Thy works themselves, would raise a general voice.

“ Even the depth of solitary woods,

“ By human feet untrod, proclaim thy power,

“ And to the choir celestial, *thee* resound,

“ Th’ eternal cause, support, and end of *all*.”

Sweet solitude ! here I can unburthen my soul, and pour it out before my God :---here, I can discover how insufficient, how ineffectual, to make happy, are the vain, the childish pleasures of this simple thing the world :---here, I can have leisure to estimate things as they really are, stript of their painted cheat.

“ How

" How trifling now appears,
 " The train of idle hopes, and fears,
 " Which varying life attend !"

Here, I can plainly perceive the
 dazzling colours which attract the
 gazing eye of the vulgar; but, alas!
 their empty forms pass like shadows
 before the eye of reason.---Here I can
 see the poverty of the rich, who
 are busy in exchanging their eternal
 happiness for the most contemptible
 trifles.---Here, I can divest myself
 of the errors, and false lights, that lead
 astray mistaken mortals in their
 wrong conceptions of happiness: and
 here, I can enjoy that sweet peace,
 which in the exalted language of
 Milton,

" Goodness bosoms ever, and wisdom,
 " While with her best nurse, contemplation,
 " Prunes her feathers,
 " And lets grow her wings,
 " That in the various bustle of resort,
 " Were all too ruffled, and sometimes, impair'd."

What is there upon earth, my soul, that can tempt thee to forego this sweet retirement?---How vain, how trifling are the usual subjects of conversation! the lye of the day; ---the idle surmises of men, on the state of politics, or the improvement of their wealth;---an account of the last new play;---the last new actress on the stage;---or whether such, or such a lady of quality has rendered herself most unhappy, or most infamous.

These, alas! are the usual topics of the gay world:---this is polite conversation!---Truth is banished, and that sweet peace, the cement of society, is utterly exploded.

“ Fair innocence, whence pleasure borrows taste,
 “ Daughter of virtue, whither art thou fled?
 “ To what calm cottage, to what blameless shade,
 “ Far from this guilty world?

Ye holy souls of the just and good;
 great saints on earth, who have

have resolution sufficient to despise the vain splendor of this distracted world——how happy are your lives! felicity is all your own, who with a noble indifference can look calmly on the allurements of fleeting pleasure: How dear in the sight of God, are your tears of penitence! How precious in his sight who sees the heart, are the solitary sighs with which ye pierce the merciful ears of your Redeemer, whose steps ye follow, and with whom ye daily converse! O that I might be admitted to partake of that sacred peace!——that I might have grace sufficient to enjoy those divine contemplations, that are the chief consolation of your pure minds! like you that I could triumph over afflictions! smile on disappointments!——despise hardships, and the severest trials, when they stand in the way to oppose my duty!——That I could welcome dis-

trials, and even pain, and poverty, when I know it is the allotment of that providence, who orders every dispensation with a goodness which exceedeth all things, with a vigilance which endureth for ever! At least I will (frail worm as I am) offer my humblest praise:— and may my solitary song find acceptance! The rising sun---the radiant heat of noon, the mild beams of the same great luminary, with the last departing gleam of the grey twilight---shall ever find me in this sweetest of employments; ---that of humble gratitude to my God, joined with adoring resignation.

I will be punctual too, in this delicious spot, sacred to peace, and solitude---I said solitude; but am I then alone? No.

“ ——— Millions of spiritual

“ Creatures walk the earth,

“ Both

" Both when we wake and when we sleep,
" Singing their great Creator."

Perhaps I may at this moment be
surrounded with numbers of the
same celestial order, who, with
voices more than human, the ab-
stracted ear of fancy strike.

" ——— Be not of us afraid,
" Poor kindred man! thy fellow creatures we,
" From the same parent-power our Beings drew,
" The same our Lord, our laws, and great pursuit
" Once, some of us, like thee, thro' stormy life,
" Toild tempest-beaten, ere we could attain
" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
" Where peace, and purity, imingle charms ;
" Then fear not us, but with responsive song,
" Amid these dim recesses, undisturb'd
" By noisy folly, and discordant vice,
" Of nature sing, and nature's God ;
" Here frequent, at the visionary hour,
" When musing midnight reigns, or silent noon,
" Angelic harps are in full concert heard."

THOMSON'S SUMMER.

O great reward of solitude, may I ever be thus secluded from the world, and its pretended pleasures, if I can, in idea, enjoy the blessed society of the spirits of the just made perfect.

Wonderfully fine is that beautiful allegory of our blessed Saviour retiring into the wilderness. He was tempted, indeed, but he overcame: and how glorious was his triumph!

“Behold! Angels came, and minister’d unto
“him.”

We read too, of his withdrawing from society into a mountain to pray. O ye rich, ye mighty, you would soon forsake your glories, your titles, your earthly interests, if you knew the sacred delight which attends even one hour of solitary communion with your God!

O ye blessed, ye retired hours! why fly you so swift away? why so hasty to be gone? are you then like
other

other pleasures, short and transient? O that you were eternal, that I might be perpetually sequestered from the idle train of amusements, from the fleeting pleasures of this vain world!--Then would I

“Steal from the degenerate croud,”

“And woo *lone* quiet in her silent walks.”

Well, since my hours are fleeting, and life itself, is so very short, I will make the best of them, and employ them all in the pleasures of thinking and acting well.

But see! where to compleat this glorious scene of natural beauties, the moon appears through yon avenue of lofty oaks, rising in what Milton calls, “clouded majesty.” Hail! sweet queen of solemn musing! And now the plaintive Philomel tunes her love-laboured song. Now too, the weary woodman, whistles through yon blooming field

of beans, as home he jocund goes,
to hail his bosom's joy, and hiss his
babes.

On leaving this sacred spot, I
cannot help addressing the genius of
the wood, in the lines of a favourite poet. §

“ These are the haunts of meditation, these
“ The scenes, where ancient bards, th’ inspir-
“ ing breath,
“ Extatic felt ; and from the world retir’d,
“ Convers’d with angels, and immortal forms
“ On gracious errand bent : to save the fall
“ Of virtue, struggling on the brink of vice ;
“ In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
“ To hint pure thoughts, and warn the favour’d
“ soul,
“ For future trials, fated to prepare.”

§ THOMSON.

On the MONTHLY REVIEWERS.

AT war with sense, behold the critic band!
 Printers and printers devils, hand in hand,
 Steal monthly from the prefs—a brainless crew!
 To censure Genius in a dull Review.

When, just as whim, or malice, bids indite,
Applauding what is wrong, and damning what is

right,

“They shew us what is *bad*, by what they
“write.””

ANOTHER.

WHO that is wise, in these dull critic days,
 Wou'd shrink at censure, or wou'd wish for praise?
 See blund'ring G——th heads the critic throng!—
 Who looks for *right* from him who's always *wrong*?

A L E T-

*A LETTER to a Gentleman who had
attempted to commit Suicide.*

MY FRIEND,

WITH equal astonishment and concern, I have been informed of your unhappy rashness. You desire my thoughts on a crime which I look upon as one of the deepest die. Heavens! to rush into the presence of the Almighty.— You! who always believed in the existence of a God, in the immortality of the soul, and in the free-will of man! You cannot surely imagine that we were created merely to exist, to suffer, and to die! It is impossible to suppose that the life of man is not without some view,
some

some end, some moral design! Is it lawful for you therefore to quit life? Unhappy man!—Go to the just and charitable who employ every moment in some act of virtue.——

They will teach you, in what manner you should spend your days. To be at liberty just when you please to quit life! Mistaken man! “Because you are disposed to die, (you say) you have a right to throw off your Being.”——What a reason!——

Every villain on earth may give the same, if the crime may be justified by the greatness of the temptation. Can a disposition to do evil be considered as a right to commit it?

To put a period to existence, to fly to death, as to a friend, for relief from woes too heavy to be borne, has, indeed been too common a practice with some in the dark ages of antiquity. Many wise and learned heathens, when over-whelmed by misfortune, have put an end to
their

their lives. Their religion, their belief in the ridiculous actions of their numerous gods, their sacrifices and other superstitious rites and ceremonies, their imperfect ideas in respect to the Deity, the immortality of the soul and of future rewards and punishments, rendered them unfit to support life in adversity. And these instances alone are sufficient proofs how much superior Christianity is to Paganism.

In those days, self-murder was deemed an heroic act; and we have good reason to believe, many put an end to their Being merely, that their names might be enrolled in the book of fame. This, though the motive of some, was not so of all. Cato struggled long under misfortunes with a fortitude truly amazing; and in his last moments, perused Plato's book on the immortality of the Soul; which we learn by his death, did not contain arguments sufficient

sufficient to put an end to his horrid design.

How much nobler is it to support life in adversity, than poorly to seek it in death?—By heroic fortitude we are even enabled to “smile at grief.” It is indeed to be above the frowns of fortune: “A good man, says a moral heathen §, struggling under misfortunes, and bearing them with patience, is an object on which even the gods might look down with pleasure.”

You presume to justify yourself, by talking of the Romans; go back to the ancient days of that republic, and you will find not a single citizen who thus freed himself, even under the most cruel misfortunes. When Regulus was on his return to Carthage, did he elude the torments which he knew were preparing for

§ SENECA.

him,

him, by destroying himself?—What would not Posthumus have given, when obliged to pass under the yoke at Caudium, had this resource been justifiable? What an effort of resolution and courage did the consul Varro shew, in surviving his defeat? How many generals, at that period, voluntarily surrendered themselves to their enemies; they, to whom ignominy was so shameful, and who were so little afraid of dying? Did these glorious spirits ever attempt their own lives at that period?—No, they thought it greater glory to bear

“The stings, and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 “Than, by opposing, end them.”

I say, at that period, did they attempt to lay violent hands on themselves? It was when the laws were subverted, and the state became a prey to tyranny, that they endeavoured to obtain that liberty for themselves

themselves they could not obtain from their country.

Does not our own nation furnish us with the most illustrious patterns of suffering virtue, in the greatest men, who, though condemned to the most ignominious death, chose to endure it, rather than destroy their own Being? Had not the great Sir Walter Raleigh, think you, *resolution* enough to attempt such a release from his undeserved sufferings, and cruel enemies?—Undoubtedly, his *courage* was sufficient; but his noble soul disdained the poor resource; his transcendent virtue appeared more conspicuous in submitting to the dispensations of the Almighty.

Or think you, that great Philosopher, Sir Thomas More, the ornament of his own country, the example of future ages, he who *smiled* on death, and who, though

“ Like

“ Like Cato, firm ; like Aristides, just ;

“ Like rigid Cincinnatus, nobly poor ;

“ A dauntless soul ;”——

think you he feared to make the great experiment ? No ;---sooner than rush into the presence of his great Creator, he patiently submitted his neck to the stroke of the executioner. ——But I should never have done, were I to enumerate examples of this kind.

“ You are weary of living, (you say !) and that life is an evil !——” Life is not an evil :——but the evil is in the disposition of your mind. Correct your ridiculous whimsies. Would you set your house on fire, because you will not give yourself the trouble of putting it in order ? Ungrateful, discontented man ! who art blind to the profusion of blessings which are poured around you from every quarter. This affected disgust of life, in] you, is the mere effect
of

of the most absurd vanity. You imagine, as many other mistaken mortals do, that it is a mark of uncommon refinement, to seem superior to the feelings of vulgar happiness.—But self-weariness is a circumstance which ever attends folly. To complain that life is burdensome, or has no joys whilst there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss, of what we really possess; and just as rational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands. One can never, surely, be weary of benefiting mankind!—What, you to be weary of *living*, who possess a fortune that can soften the miseries of the poor, and inspire gladness into a heart overburdened with distress? Who can give bread to the fatherless, and cause the widow's heart to sing for joy? And have the blessing of him who is ready to perish come upon

upon you? Can you, I say, endowed with these happy privileges, indulge for a moment the impious thought of quitting that life which your indulgent Maker has marked with so many blessings?---For shame; blush at your ungrateful rashness!

Are you ignorant (when you simply talk of being of no use to the world) that you cannot move one single step without finding some duty to fulfil? and that we are all useful to society, even alone, by our existence? Does it follow, that life is an evil, because you obstinately shut your eyes and ears against its pleasures? We say of life, as the clown did of the fiddle, who, after a stupid examination of the instrument, exclaimed, "There's music in't, could I but find it out."

An ingenious poet (whose name I have forgot) says,

"A thousand evils we ourselves create,

"Which we unjustly strive to fix on *fate*;

"Complain,

- “ Complain, that life affords but little joy,
 “ And yet that little foolishly destroy.
 “ But are these ills, the ills which Heaven
 “ design’d ?
 “ Are we *unfortunate*, or are we *blind*,
 “ If in possession of our wishes curst,
 “ Bath’d in untasted springs, we die of thirst ?
 “ If we make mis’ries what were blessings meant,
 “ And benefits convert to punishment,
 “ We waste the present, for the future hour,
 “ And miser-like by hoarding, still are poor ;
 “ Or foolishly regretful for the past,
 “ The good which yet remains, neglect to taste ;
 “ Lament the grievance which we might redress,
 “ And wish that happiness we might possess.”

Your crime, permit me to say,
 would have been doubly culpable.—
 What, had you no regard to exposing
 your tender and amiable wife to the
 horrors of such a separation?——
 Were you not afraid to give such ex-
 quisite grief to a heart of so much
 sensibility?——She would not, I am
 certain, long have survived you :——
 her gentle mind must have sunk un-
 der

94 LITERARY AMUSEMENTS.

der the accumulated load of your infamy, and her own sorrows. Had you no regard, I repeat, for one who was so dear to you?

As to your existence being (as you say) an evil; it is you, yourself, who make it so: it depends on yourself to make it a blessing. Life is the gift of Heaven; and it is our religion, our happiness to enjoy it. That man who can be happy in himself, and who contributes all in his power to the happiness of others, answers most effectually the ends of his creation. He is a pattern to mankind, an honour to his nature. It is the enjoyment of life that calls forth our gratitude to him who gave it; that opens the heart to acts of kindness and benevolence.

You say you are wretched, and that you naturally endeavour to extricate yourself from misery. Let us see, if, for that purpose, it be necessary

cessary to die : let us hear what the philosopher Rousseau says on this subject.

He makes a comparison between the afflictions of the mind and the body. " The latter (he says) become worse, and are more inveterate, the longer they are endured ; and at length utterly destroy this mortal machine. The former, on the contrary, being on external and transitory modifications of an immortal and uncompounded essence, are insensibly effaced ; and leave the mind in its original form, which is not susceptible of alteration.

Experience always falsifies that bitter reflection, which makes us imagine that grief, disquietude, despair and regret, are evils of such long duration, as never to be eradicated ; or that misery will last for ever. Let the afflictions of the mind be ever so acute, they always carry their remedy with them. In fact,
what

what is it which makes any evil intolerable? Nothing but its duration. The operations of surgery, are generally much more painful than the disorders they cure; but the pain occasioned by the latter is lasting; that of the operation is momentary, and therefore tolerable. What occasion is there, therefore, for any operation to remove troubles which die of course by their duration, the only circumstance which can make them supportable? Is it reasonable to apply such desperate remedies to those evils which expire of themselves? To a person who values himself on his fortitude, and who estimates years at their real value, of two ways which he may extricate himself from the same troubles, which will appear preferable, death or time? If we have patience we shall be cured. When we release ourselves from suffering (as we imagine) by putting an end to our present being,

how

how know we, at that instant, but we incur all that we apprehend hereafter? Let us reflect, therefore, what are ten, or twenty years of pain, in competition with eternity? Pain and pleasure pass like a shadow. Life slides away in an instant; it is nothing of itself.---Its value depends on the use we make of it. The good we have done is all that remains; and it is that alone, which marks its importance."

Whenever again, you are tempted to commit this dreadful crime, ask yourself these questions: Is there no one in a state of indigence, whom I can relieve?---Is there no one under misfortune, whom I can comfort? ---Is there no one under oppression, whom I can defend?---If the consideration of these duties hath no power to restrain you, you are below even the beasts that perish.

There is no evil which patience, united with a firm reliance on the

Almighty, will not enable us to surmount.

The author of the following much admired lines, was one of the most eminent patterns of this noble virtue of patience that ever lived, and which I transcribe for your perusal.*

“——Thou grand intelligence supreme,

“Sovereign director of this mighty frame,

“Whether thy hand my plenteous table spread,

“Or measure sparingly my daily bread;

“Whether

* The above lines are taken from a beautiful poem called the Deity; of which work nothing higher can be said of its merit, but that Mr. Pope has been heard to wish himself the author.—Mr. Boyce, who wrote the Deity, suffered every species of misery to which a human being can be subject; destitute of even the most common necessities of life, without food or lodging. It is said, he formed in the fields and streets the above poem; and would ask at a shop for a pen and ink, to set down his thoughts as they occurred. He endured his sufferings with amazing fortitude, and waited death, which happened soon after the work appeared, with exemplary patience.

"Whether or wealth, or honours gild the scene,
"Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain,
"On thee with patience firm, I will rely,
"Blest in the care of thy approving eye."

I am, yours, &c.

E P I G R A M

O N

MISS GALLOPER.

W H E N over your head *Scamper Galloper's*
prancing,

You'd think all the devils from hell were a
dancing ;

So loud is the din, and so great are your fears,
You expect ev'ry moment the house 'bout your
ears.

Now to free you from noise, and your terrors
to lose,

Now must prop up your floors, and keep *Scamper*
from shoes.

A N

AN ESSAY ON PRUDENCE.

THIS virtue is, in fact, the groundwork of every other. It consists in being guided and directed by right reason : it proposes to us the most effectual means of obtaining them. Therefore, to live prudently, is to live in the constant exercise of our reason ; and to be continually pursuing such ends, as right reason proposes, is the proper business of all the virtues of religion : and hence religion is frequently called, in the scripture by the name of wisdom or prudence. “ The fear of the Lord (says Job) is wisdom ; and to depart from evil is understanding.” So that to exercise

cise our reason, in the search and discovery of what is absolutely best for us, and to follow our reason, in the pursuit of what it discovers to be so, is that virtue of prudence to which we stand obliged as rational animals.

Prudence is, in short, to consult what is best, and how it may most effectually be obtained: it is to prefer the chief good above every thing, and to direct our actions immediately towards it. Our reason being the noblest principle of our nature, as it is by that we are raised above the level of brutes, and nearest allied to angels, it ought, upon that account to be submitted to, as the supreme directress of all our powers, the rule of our will, and the guide of all our animal motions.

We see daily those unhappy people who are engaged in a wicked course of life, that the sovereign principle of reason, which should
 sway

sway and govern them, is deposed,
 and made a vassal to their appetites
 and passions: their minds and wills
 are so fettered, that they cannot
 exert them upon things which are
 most worthy to be known and chosen,
 without the utmost difficulty and
 perplexity imaginable: but when
 we are under the conduct of pru-
 dence, or in other words, the right
 use of reason, our faculties will, by
 degrees, recover their freedom, and
 disengage themselves from those
 vicious encumbrances, which so much
 interrupt and clog them in their
 natural pursuits: and when this is
 thoroughly effected, we are then
 in possession of that heavenly state
 of mind, which consists in the free
 and vigorous exercise of our rational
 faculties, upon the best and worthiest
 objects. For when once our head-
 strong passions, and ridiculous whim-
 sies, are perfectly subdued to our
 reason, all our rational faculties

will be free ; will naturally be led to their proper objects ; our admiration fixed on the contemplation of the sublimest truths ; our wills resigned to the choice of the only true good ; and our affections wholly devoted to God. So that to live prudently, or which is the same thing, to govern ourselves by our reason, is both the necessary, and effectual means of being not only happy in this world, but likewise of attaining everlasting felicity in that which is to come.

Alas ! how widely different is that shrewd, selfish kind of cunning, which is generally understood by the word prudence ! To suspect the innocent, to look upon all the world as so many cheats and rogues, is the constant maxim of these wary people ; when after all, this sort of worldly prudence may be the highest injustice.

How

How uncomfortable must be the reflections of the man who acts with this suspicious, cautious fear, of a person, who in the event, proves not only that he is innocent of the imagined crime, but deserves the highest admiration and esteem! and yet how rare, how very uncommon is it, to meet with a person who does not fancy, that prudent caution and suspicion are the result of wisdom; and that to believe the worst of every one, is a proof of the most consummate good understanding!---“ This is to live (as a witty author remarks) in the perpetual fear of an ambuscade, or in a fortification of our own raising.”

One who acts with less caution may possibly be deceived; but to a just and delicate mind, it is infinitely preferable, even to be so, than to suspect an innocent person of a bad intention. There

seems to be less pride than folly in being ashamed of having been deceived: for it certainly argues more an undefining integrity of heart, than a weakness of head.

Prudence may be called a general limit,---a restraint from every excess. It is, in fact, trying every incident by the test of reason. Since, therefore, our reason is the best and noblest of all the powers of action, undoubtedly the greatest pleasure we are capable of must spring from its exercise: and if we regulate all our actions by its laws and dictates, then are we entering on our heaven and our happiness.

THE REPROOF.

*Addressed to a Friend, on his writing some
Verses in Praise of his Wife.*

COU'D thy muse, Bonneau, find not a subject
more fit

Than a wife to employ thy poetical wit?

A wife too possessing not one grain of spirit,

And abounding, you know, with that old-
fashion'd merit,

Which twenty long years you've been made to
endure,

And which twenty to that won't be able to cure?

Cease your praise then, my friend, for in this
age 'tis clear,

Not one will believe that your verse is sincere.

A Letter

*A Letter from a young Lady to
her Friend, relating an affecting
incident.*

DEAR CAROLINE,

IN my last letter I promised to give you an account of a melancholy affair I heard in my late agreeable visit at B—— Hall.---I now hasten to fulfil my promise; and beg you will attend to the moral which may be drawn from so particular and affecting an incident.

One afternoon as lady B—— was sitting amidst a circle of her friends, a very amiable young lady, with her mother, added to the number of the guests, which were numerous. I observed every eye in the room was fixed on the abovementioned

tioned young person, with the strongest marks of compassion.

On my looking attentively in her face, which was very agreeable, I observed a particular wildness in her eyes, which led me to believe her understanding had been disordered: the deepest melancholy was impressed on her countenance; neither did she speak during the whole visit. Her mother appeared perfectly well-bred, but by some sighs which escaped her, I imagined she had some grief on her spirits, which time and christian philosophy only could remove.

When the company were all departed, I gave lady B—— my opinion of Miss Denby (so the pensive young lady was called) when her ladyship informed me that I was perfectly right in my conjectures, for that she had been for two years under confinement in a private mad-house in Chelsea, on account of the
most

most tragical affair imaginable :--- that all who knew her were inexpressibly grieved at the misfortune, as she was the most amiable young person in the world ; and that her worthy mother, no longer being able to bear her absence, was determined to have her under her own eye ; and as her disorder appeared to be a fixed melancholy, and now was greatly better, by seeing a little company, and daily airings, she often introduced her amongst her friends in the neighbourhood.

This account strongly excited my curiosity, you may be convinced, which the good lady B---, that very evening, when we were seated in the hermitage after a walk in the wood, satisfied me, nearly as I can remember, in the following words :

“ Miss Denby, with a brother, a brave officer in the army, were the only children of the worthy lady you saw last night, whose husband died

died many years since, and left a large fortune to his children. The daughter, at the age of seventeen, was one of the most accomplished, as well as lovely of women. About that time, her brother, who loved her to excess, brought from London a Mr. Villars, a most particular friend of his, for whom he had so uncommon a regard, (they having been bred together at the same school, and travelled in the same party abroad) that his most ardent desire was to see his darling sister the future wife of that dear friend.

“ Mr. Villars was extremely amiable; he possessed a large fortune, and what was infinitely preferable, one of the best hearts in the world. To see miss Denby was to love her; Mr. Villars, therefore, became on his first visit very sensible of her beauty and merits.—Her young heart was equally affected: ---and he soon found a declaration
he

he made of his passion was received in the most favourable manner.

“Mrs. Denby was as much delighted as her son with the prospect of so agreeable an alliance; and in a few months nothing was talked of in this county but the approaching marriage of these amiable young persons.

“Some business relative to this happy event, called Mr. Villars to town, in which excursion he was accompanied by his friend; as, indeed, they were inseparable. This short absence appeared insupportable to the lovers; however, to lessen it in some measure, they agreed, at parting, to write by every post, and fixed on that day month to be united for ever.

“The friends (for they never had any other appellation) had been in town about a fortnight, when they dined one day at a public tavern, with a large party of gentlemen.

As

As the company were all men of rank and genius, many subjects were started of elegant authors; particularly, after dinner, several of them entered into the common topic of debate, which had most merit, the ancients, or the moderns; and at last, the conversation fell upon the subject of letter-writing.

“It must be confessed (said Mr. Villars) that the ladies excel us in this respect: they have an ease—a delicacy of expression, which we cannot arrive at.”

“I cannot be of your opinion, (said the next gentleman)—their style is often unconnected and perplexed:—you may talk of the easy style of your madame Sevigne, your madame Maintenon,—but give me a letter of Pope or Swift.”

“Pardon me, Sir, (said Villars) but with all due deference to those two great names you have just mentioned, I cannot give up my point
in

in favour of the ladies letter-writing; especially where the soft passion is the subject---there they shine indeed.——It should seem, by their peculiar facility in expression on the subject, that they were formed alone for tenderness. I have a letter, (continued he) in my pocket, that, I believe, will not fail to confute you :——It is from a lady to her lover, to whom she is to be united in a very short time.---You will think it peculiarly tender.---It is so :——but heavens! how delicate!——how refined the sentiments!----how artless the style!---I will give you here a specimen of letter-writing: listen therefore, and be confuted.”

“ Saying this, he took from his pocket-book a letter which he read to the party around him. The sentiments were extremely tender and passionate, and the letter was highly applauded.

“ During

“ During this conversation, colonel Denby was sitting at some little distance, but heard the whole of it. With the utmost astonishment he heard the letter read; and sitting some moments almost petrified with wonder, he suddenly started from his seat and left the room. Mr. Villars did not observe him, as he was engaged in conversation; but in less than half an hour after, he received a note sealed up, in which were the following words:

“ Villars,

“ Y O U are a base scoundrel,——
a perfidious villain,——and a disgrace
to human nature. I am at the
Crown tavern, Pall-Mall, where I
expect you will follow me the in-
stant you receive this. Add not
cowardice to detestable perfidy, but
come

come away immediately. Your vile conscience will help you to my name."

"Mr. Villars could hardly make out the sense of this enraged billet, it was so extremely blotted and scrawled in the excess of passion, nor could he guess the writer; but was resolved at all events to attend the summons. He immediately went to the place appointed, and was ushered into a room.----When, gracious heaven! what was his amazement, to see his friend under the power of ungovernable passion—to hear his beloved Denby, in the most opprobrious terms, ordering him to draw his sword, on the instant, or the next should be his last!

"Good God, (said Villars). [what is the matter?—What, in the name of
of

of goodness, is the cause of this sudden fury?——“Are you mad, Denby?”

“Thou cool, deliberate villain, (replied he)---thou more than mean, ---thou infamous rascal, dare you ask the cause?----This instant draw, I say, or I will treat you as you deserve.”

“Mr. Villars, who was likewise a man of spirit, and of great warmth, could not, it must be imagined, bear patiently this opprobrious language; he therefore drew his sword, and in his own defence stood upon his guard, his adversary having already drawn his own from the scabbard.

“A few passes were made, when at one fatal thrust, Denby ran his sword through the body of his friend, who instantly fell weltering in blood at his feet.

“The people of the house, hearing the clash of swords, ran to the door;

door; which they broke open, and beheld the most shocking scene imaginable :---Denby kneeling by Villars, covered with his blood, now repenting his rash action, and weeping over him.

“ Ah ! Villars, he exclaimed,---live,---live,---and be my friend again ! ---Gracious heaven !---Have I murdered thee?---Oh ! look up---say you forgive me!---Wretch that I am,---fly all for aid, I beseech you.”

“ All aid is vain (said the dying man) come nearer Denby, and let me breathe my soul into the bosom of my friend.---I feel the cold, the powerful hand of death upon me.---But why---say why ?---Commend me to thy much loved sister.”

“ Ah ! my Villars, (said Denby weeping) why---but I reproach thee not:---it was the cause---the sacred cause, of that dear, injured sister's honour, which has occasioned this most shocking deed.”

“ Thy

“ Thy injured sister?---(said Villars in faltering accents) heaven! what mean you? explain——explain——be quick, my blood flows fast.”

“ That letter,——that cursed letter,--- (returned Denby) is the horrid cause.——How could you with wanton sport, betray the sacred confidence of honour the dear girl reposed in you?——To expose the sentiments of her delicate soul to the laugh---the ridicule of a mixt society?”——It was too much——I could not bear it.——But live, Villars,——live——you are again my friend——and Harriet shall still be thine.——Come, let me raise thee in my arms!”

“ O God! (said the almost expiring Villars) ah! my friend, what fatal rashness!——but I forgive thee.——Alas!——My Harriet’s sacred confidence has never been betrayed!——How couldst thou wrong me, to admit that thought!---

O fatal

O fatal - dire mistake! that innocent letter, the cause of all this mischief, I transcribed from the manuscript memoirs of a late celebrated countess, at the desire of my sister, to whom I should have sent it by to-morrow's post——Alas!——I am guiltless.——O the sting of death is the sharper that my Denby should believe me capable of so much perfidy! --- Harriet --- my angel ——may we be united in a better world than this!——Denby ——I die ——receive my last breath.”

“ It was indeed his last——he breathed no more.

“ His distracted friend, for some moments, gazed on the fatal wound, which his rash hand had made, in dumb despair;——then rising from the body, with frantic wildness, he snatched his sword, still reeking with the blood of his friend, and plunged it into his own breast.---He fell by the side of his Villars.

“ By

“ By this time, two eminent surgeons were arrived, who had been called to the assistance of the unhappy Villars who was now no more. On examining the colonel's wound, they pronounced it to be mortal, and that it was impossible he could live many hours.

“ I thank thee, Heaven, for this --- (said he) for life would be insupportable.”

“ The miserable colonel Denby, whose crime had proceeded from the most delicate regard for his sister's honour, remained no longer sensible than just to give orders to his servants that he might be interred by the side of his dear friend, in the family vault at Denby church. He then fell into violent agonies; and raving loudly, on the name of Villars, expired.

“ A special messenger was immediately dispatched to the excellent Mrs. Denby : the morning of which

day the lovely Harriet had been indulging herself with the most pleasing hopes that her lover would perhaps with her brother pay them a visit, and attend them in an excursion they were going to make into Berkshire: for in Villars's last letter, in the fondness of his soul, he had told his bride elect, she must not be surprised if himself and his friend Denby should call upon her the Monday evening following;---for that he had an hundred things to talk on, previous to the happy day.

"This pleasing intelligence Miss Denby told her mother, adding with a smile of satisfaction, "I am convinced they will come this very evening: ---I have a kind of presentiment of this happy, unlooked-for visit."

"What then were the agonies of the excellent mother, when the messenger arrived with the dreadful account!

"Happily

“Happily miss Denby was gone to spend a day with a lady in the next village, who unexpectedly pressed, and prevailed on her to stay all night : she was therefore not at home when the horrid intelligence arrived.

“Mrs. Denby, in agonies not to be described, took to her bed. But,” continued the good lady B- -, “what pain do I give to your sensibility, my dear Emily, by this sad recital !

Do you think I did not weep, Caroline ?---Indeed I did.---I begged her to proceed.

“I will (she said) if my tears will permit me to relate this melancholy tale.

“Mrs. Denby, in the midst of her poignant anguish, thought the circumstance of her daughter, being then absent, was fortunate ; as she could gain time to consider in what manner this dreadful event could be best imparted to her. The mi-

ferable mother wished, if possible, that Harriet might stay with her friend till the melancholy interment was over, provided it could be kept secret from her.

“ She accordingly dispatched a messenger to acquaint her that she would in a day or two, send the chariot to fetch her home, as the weather was too hot for walking. She likewise, by letter, acquainted the lady with the dreadful event, with an earnest desire that her daughter’s stay there might be a few days longer, till the melancholy solemnity was past, and that it might be kept from her, a profound secret. But most unfortunately (as servants in great families are often too negligent in obeying the commands of their superiors) the fellow loitered till the evening, before he set out with the letter to the lady.

“ In

“In the mean time, miss Denby, who was extremely fond of walking, and as the distance from her mother’s seat was only a short mile, was already set out on her return home.

“Nothing could exceed the beauty of the evening which was after a warm day, in the sweet month of June.

“Harriet sauntered through the meadows, which were covered with flowers, whilst not a bud or blossom but attracted her admiration of that Being, who so lavishly spreads the face of nature with such a profusion of delights for discontented mortals.

“Sometimes she listened to the soft notes of the plaintive nightingale, or moaning stock-dove; and often she indulged ideas of tenderness, in contemplating on her beloved Villars.

“Soon---(said she to herself) we shall together admire these astonishing works of the great Creator :---together we shall walk the

mountain's brow, or inhale the breathing perfume of yonder blooming beans.—Whilst leaning on his arm, he will, as we walk, explain, and point out those beauties of nature, with which my inexperienced years are yet unacquainted.”

“Full of these pleasing reflections, she was now arrived at a small wilderness, which joined to the gardens at Denby Hall.—This little wood was a most favourite spot of this amiable young lady; she had walked there constantly with her beloved Villars; she had, with her own hands, planted a great variety of flowering shrubs, which were now in their highest bloom; and in this enchanting retreat, she had a small romantic building, made of roots of trees, and covered with moss and ivy, which she called the hermitage; over the door of which was wrote in Gothic characters,

“ Within

" Within this moss-grown roof, this humble

" cell,

" Sweet liberty, content, and virtue dwell."

" Hither miss Denby often retired to amuse herself with reading;---and in this sweet retreat, she kept a small Theorbo-lute, from which she drew the most exquisite sounds.

" As she always herself kept the key of the gate of the wilderness (which was likewise a part of the garden) she now, in her return home that evening, without going into the house at Denby hall, opened the little gate which led to the road, and went to her favourite spot, the hermitage. She took up her lute, and seating herself under a large oak, from whence

she had a full view of the road, she began playing a favourite air of her beloved Villars.

“ This is the evening (said she) in which he told me I might expect to see him and my brother.—Haply, those amiable and dear friends may soon arrive.—I will, however, beguile the tedious moments, till their wished arrival.—Ah! did I not hear the distant sound of their carriage wheels?——the trampling of horses?——Let me fly to meet the two most amiable of men!”

“ Saying this, she flung down her lute, and ran with the lightning’s speed to the gate which fronted the road.

“ Alas! it was, indeed, the two dear friends!——Two hearses now appeared, adorned with white feathers; and a train of mournful servants following.

“ Oh!

“ Oh! Emily (continued lady B---, bursting into tears) I cannot proceed!---guess the fatal rest:---the dreadful consequences on the mind of the poor Harriet Denby you are too well acquainted with.”

Caroline, do not wonder at this large blot, it is an unforced tear dropt as a tribute due to so unhappy a catastrophe.

To this mournful tale, I can only add, that I am,

Ever yours,

EMILIA.

G 5

A WIN-

A

WINTER'S THOUGHT.

I.

WHAT though the sun withdraws his ray,
 And clouds bedim the sky,
 Yet soon shall winter pass away,
 And spring salute the eye.

II.

But ah! when wintry age draws on,
 A dreary scene's in store!
 Life's sun, that warm'd the heart is gone,
 And spring returns no more!

III.

Then oh! before the sun goes down,
 And sets in endless night,
 Come, Wisdom, with thy starry crown,
 And guide my steps aright.

IV.

Thee Virtue too, celestial ma'd!
 Thy choicest blessings bring:
 Life then, though sunk in winter's shade,
 Shall wear the bloom of spring.

Thoughts

*Thoughts on the Advantages of improving
the Mind in the FEMALE SEX,
and on those Studies that are most
proper for them.*

WHEN the mind of a woman is the object of admiration, it never can cease to please. Most other things in this world, lose their influence, when they lose their novelty; but an accomplished woman never can be an object of neglect.---She must (though even declining in the vale of years) from the superiority of her character, stand forth an exalted figure.

Sense, and capacity, when united to worth and sweetness of temper, have invincible charms. The men may admire a pretty face for a few days, but it is just as absurd to suppose that

that beauty alone, can be productive of a lasting passion, as it would be to imagine a picture in the gallery of Hampton Court, or a statue in the niche of a wall, could affect a man for a moment with tender sentiment, or create in him a passionate regard.

A modest deportment, a purity of manners, and a cultivated mind, are a woman's best ornaments. Without them, though her outward form should excite admiration and desire, she will never procure veneration and esteem. She may attract the eye, but will never affect the heart of a man of sense and refinement. Her personal beauties may fascinate his senses in the moment of delirium, but they will lose their power at the return of reason. Such a woman may be compared to a splendid toy in the hand of a child, who is transported with it for a while, but when the charm
of

of novelty ceases, its insipidity disgusts, and the once delightful bauble is thrown aside with contempt, and ever after neglected and despised.

In social life, fine sense is infinitely of more consequence than beauty. Let the woman who takes much pains to improve her face, and but little to improve her mind, be undeceived and ashamed: she will then be convinced that beauty only pleases some particular tastes, but sensibility is agreeable to all: she will know she was formed to be a social being; to love and be beloved. Beauty, like a short-lived flower, fades even from the moment of its perfection: but good sense is an ornament at every period of life. A woman possessed of mere beauty, is of all characters the most insipid.—

Ask any one of those ladies a question irrelative to common life, and she will not be able to give you a
rational

rational answer.—And, alas! how contemptible is one of that class in the decline of life! she who trusted solely to her charms, and never secured to herself those conquests (such as they were) which she gained in her youth, by any thing solid and abiding! Surely, her condition is deplorable. In vain does she still practise her languishing airs—in vain does she affect a forced vivacity, and an affectation of allurements and importance, which we only pardon in early youth, but which in advanced years, is highly contemptible and ridiculous.

What a despicable character is Flavilla! How ludicrous is her laying traps for admiration, amidst the wrinkles of old age! What child is not even struck with such a glaring impropriety! whilst every mark of decay, and every symptom of change is traced and examined with acuteness, by all the young circle

circle in which she vainly endeavours to shine :——Not the smallest part of her dress is overlooked :——Not a single foible in her behaviour passes uncensured : whereas, if she had wisely been warned of the effects of time, and had prudently given up to the young people about her all competition of show and looks, and studied only how to render herself agreeable by her conversation and manners, not one would have criticised on her age, but would have paid the utmost compliment to her understanding.

How different from this trifling, despicable woman, is the accomplished Arpasia ! who, though far advanced in life, but yet farther in understanding and virtue, employs her whole time in endeavouring to render all about her (especially the young) wise and happy ! who, when her health will permit, takes pleasure in seeing herself surrounded

rounded by a circle of youth, assumes an innocent gaiety, condescends even to mix in their little sports, and by a graceful complacency, and pleasing smiles, encourages and promotes their harmless amusements!---So far do the youthful circle not despise her because she is old, that they seem to contend with each other who shall pay her the greatest respect, and who shall stand highest in her affection. Can there be a character more respectable, or more amiable? The discerning few will, to the end of her days, discover perfections in this excellent woman, which neither the inroads of age, nor the ravages of sickness, can deface.

We are well assured, by daily experience, that a handsome face alone, however powerful the attraction, is by no means sufficient to retain a lover. When a man finds he has not, in the woman he has chosen

chosen for life, a rational companion, the habitude of seeing a pretty face, soon weakens the impression it had once made. Disgust soon follows; and I make no doubt, that this very disgust, caused by a scarcity of ideas in many women, is too often the cause of that inconstancy of which men are so frequently accused.——

Women may judge of this point from the amazing difference they themselves find between a tiresome fool, and a man of sense; and they ought to consider, that a little pains bestowed to acquire knowledge, would soon make them equal to the latter, and give them that advantage they ever wish to have: with pleasure the men would see them share a benefit in common with themselves, by which they would be gainers. The more women extend their knowledge, the more agreeable subjects of conversation would be found between the two sexes; as
an

an infinite number of ideas are lost by an inability of communication. It is a certain truth, that men always encrease their esteem for those women whom they find most disposed to relish their conversation.

“The chief ornaments of a woman,” says an ingenious anonymous writer, “are those of the mind, which may be procured at a much less expence than those of the body, and are in the power of ladies with narrow and scanty, as well as more affluent and extensive fortunes.—These render you brilliant and amiable; they not only attract, but preserve the observation and esteem of others; and while your showy ladies, with fluttering and empty heads, are setting off themselves to persons of no importance, you will have the satisfaction to find, that you have administered pleasure to men of sense and

and honour, and that you have secured that happiness in this world, to say nothing of another and better, of which you will see, by experience, that those superficial and unthinking ladies shall never partake."

The ignorance, in general, of women, is even proverbial.—How common, and yet how lamentable is it to hear a man say to one of our sex, on her asking a question of some importance of either books or the world.----- "How is it possible you should know this? You, who are a woman? I cannot make you comprehend this matter----it is impossible, as you are but a woman. Prithee, child, confine yourself to matters within your own sphere, and don't trouble your head about matters it is impossible you should understand."

So, for the sake of a few pretty idiots, the whole sex are really thought to be below rationality.

It

It must, however, be acknowledged, that the women, from neglecting their talents, often bring this imputation of ignorance on themselves. How very frequently do we see a lady, at the head of her table, or in a circle of polite company, among which are men of sense and learning, who, if they are engaged in a conversation of foreign nations, or any topic, barely out of the common road, will immediately (as if it were indeed impossible they should discourse on those subjects) turn to the lady next her, and begin a conversation about fans, gloves, and ribbons!---Well may the men look on all women, on those occasions, as equally trifling and contemptible. But, thank heaven, there are women, witness, a Montague, a Carter, and a Chapone, whose exalted understandings are not only an honour to their sex, but to human nature.

Some

Some men have acknowledged that we have, in general, more imagination than themselves: let us then study to acquire that knowledge which lends graces to imagination; let us likewise endeavour to investigate the beauties of nature, with which the beneficent Maker has so lavishly decked the gay creation. This delightful study would open an everlasting fund of the choicest entertainment to a delicate and curious mind.—But, alas! in vain does nature present her wonders to the greater part of our sex! In vain do roses bloom,

“And waste their sweetness on the desert air.”

The several species of flowers (beautiful as they are) abound still less with sweetness than with moral instruction.—Those lovely monitors convey the most admirable lessons

sons of the divine hand which made them.

How have I been provoked to hear the pretty miss A—— affecting not to know a cowslip from a primrose, or a hyacinth from a jonquil! Piti-
 able ignorance! which knows not that the plaited daisy on which we tread, and the smallest blade of grass which trembles in the wind, is fraught with the most exalted subjects for study and instruction!

To be struck with the admirable concord which reigns throughout the universe, and to acquire a knowledge of its springs, demand no extraordinary or uncommon talents.— Nature is a large book open to all, and all may read it. That part of natural knowledge which is called experimental philosophy, offers a spectacle well worthy the attention of a reasonable being.

But the study of history---those continued representations which the
 annals

annals of human nature bestow, are the most proper to form the heart and judgment. Women are much more capable of attention than is usually imagined: They only want application.----If most women would bestow the same time in the study of history, which they too often dedicate to reading novels and romances, they would soon draw forth useful lessons for the conduct of their lives, and, from the most interesting facts, receive an instruction which truth alone can give.

*On seeing two Prints, designed by P. S-db-y,
basely intended to defame Mr. Pitt.*

I.

S-DB-Y, who lash'd in prints, in rhymes,
The scotified, corrupted times
Of B——e's administration,
Now Pitt is out,
Is turn'd about,
And vilifies the nation.

II.

Go on, dear Paul, make B——e thy friend,
(Each Scot a helping hand will lend)
And he'll reward thy labours ;
At prices high,
Thy prints he'll buy,
As will thy tory neighbours.

III.

III.

Adorn thy prints with Twitcher's name,
 And trumpet forth great Gr-nv-e's fame,
 And thou may'st keep thy chariot ;
 Then shew thyself,
 For sake of pelf,
 Another Judas 'Scariot.

IV.

As Churchill's muse is happ'ly fled,
 Old Hogarth's fate thou need'st not dread—
 Then neither fear nor falter ;
 Should B—e withhold
 Th' expected gold,
 Why—yonder hangs a halter.

The APOSTATE *from* LIBERTY.

A DIALOGUE.

WRITTEN in the YEAR 1766.*

A U T H O R.

“**H**AIL, venal S—db—y! leave all meaner
“ things;

“ Seek minions, dowagers, and courts and kings:”

For minions, dowagers, and kings can give;

Can bribe thy servives and bid thee live.

Stand foremost then, a hated cause to fave,

And thou shalt shine a tinfell’d, pension’d slave.

Now lick the dust beneath thy patron’s feet,

And be at once a sycophant compleat.

* The person censured in these lines having heretofore in divers prints and songs, made lord B— and others of the majority, as they were then called, objects of his ridicule; now shamefully prostitutes his talents in the service of the said majority, by engraving and publishing prints against Mr. P—t, lord T—, and other respectable characters, whom as a volunteer, he used to celebrate in his performances, and whom on all occasions, he affected to honour. A conduct thus perfidious the writer thought it a duty to censure and expose.

Traduce

Traduce the friends of liberty and law;
 Nor fear those sons of virtue e'er shall awe
 Thy venal soul, or conscience e'er impart
 One painful whisper to thy canker'd heart.

S—DB—Y.

What means this rage? Why, I have done no
 more
 Than thousands I can name have done before.

A U T H O R.

Will numbers, think ye, sanctify thy crimes?
 Remember Hogarth!—Part the first—the Times.*
 A Muse may rise, altho' great Churchill's dead,
 To pour down vengeance on thy guilty head;
 Consign for ever thy Apostate name
 To the dark regions of eternal shame.

* Mr. Hogarth published a ministerial print bearing this title, for which he was justly and severely handled, by that favourite of the Muses, Mr. Charles Churchill, in his poem called "An Epistle to Mr. Wm. Hogarth."

S—DB—Y.

Rail on, my angry friend, and vent thy spite,
 And let our purses shew thee which is right.
 Like thee I libell'd B——e, and rav'd for Pitt,
 Then found myself the bubble of my wit.
 Rewards came not ; and, ah ! I soon was told,
 That patriots ne'er are paid in solid gold.

A U T H O R.

Is gold thy sov'reign good ?—Mean wretch ! away.
 Go, cringe to those thou hat'st, and those thou
 lov'st betray.

From this curst moment, never hope to find
 One gleam of comfort in thy treach'rous mind.
 All friends shall shun thee to thy latest breath,
 And loath thy name, when in the shades of death.

Slaughter's Coffee House.

A LETTER

*A LETTER from a Gentleman to his
Friend, relating the melancholy Effects
of Seduction.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU would have had an answer sooner, relative to the affair you consulted me about, but I have been for this last month so extremely affected, by a melancholy incident I met with in my late journey in the north of England, that I have really been utterly incapable of either writing or thinking on any other subject. Ah, my friend, happy had I been if I had followed your excellent advice!—then I should have escaped those dreadful pangs of remorse, under which I, at present,

H 3

labour :

labour :——but as that is now too late (Alas ! what can equal the fell stings of vain repentance !) I will at least claim the privilege of friendship in unburthening my oppressed heart to my faithful Harcourt, sure of his pity, and convinced of his honour.

You may remember, my friend, it is now a twelvemonth since I unhappily seduced the daughter of farmer Hodges, a tenant of mine, at the farm called the Willows, near my seat, in Buckinghamshire. Heaven only knows the remorse that affair has given me.

You know I am not an abandoned libertine, and that I honour virtue as much as I detest vice :——you know, also, the above unhappy affair was more the effect of sudden impulse, than of any premeditated arts of seduction ;——and that the sight of the pretty rustic (drest as the queen of the May to welcome my

my visit to the Willows) when she danced to the pipe and tabor, and soon after presented me with a garland of flowers, was the first fatal impression my heart ever received of so much enchanting beauty.

I do not mention the above incident of the lovely girl, by way of enhancing her beauties, to extenuate my crime;---far from it:--- I confess, to my eternal shame, that I destroyed her innocence; but you, my faithful friend, are witness, that from that fatal day, I have not known a moment's peace. I am too sober a fellow not to look on the ruin of an innocent girl, and in that ruin the eternal misery of the good old folks her parents, without a degree of horror, little known in this age of dissipation and vice.

You may remember, that when my poor girl informed me she

could no longer conceal the consequence of our guilty attachment, I had her privately conveyed to London, and that I placed her under the protection, and in the family of Lecour, who had formerly been my servant; and as I could, I imagined, confide in his fidelity, and he had lately married a worthy woman, I thought it the very best situation I could find for my poor Fanny.

Thus far you know. I shall now inform you, that I sent these people a hundred pound bank note, with the strictest orders to procure with it every possible comfort and convenience the situation of their guest required.

Having placed Fanny with these (as I thought, *honest*) people, I set out with a large party for the German spa; from which place I was to return in three months, and then I intended to settle a very hand-

handsome annuity on my dear girl for life.—I left orders with Lecour to write to me very frequently; as my little rustic was not sufficiently mistress of her pen to write a letter.

I undertook this journey merely to divert the melancholy which had hung on my spirits, on account of this unlucky affair: it was a thorn which never left my heart; I felt it in the most enlivening amusements.

I was much surprised, that during my stay abroad, I had never so much as one line from Lecour;----- I therefore, immediately on my return, went to his house, but to my surprise and concern found it entirely shut up. On enquiry, his neighbours informed me, that he had left his house for above two months, and having run much in debt, was fled with his wife into France.

I asked, in a trembling voice, "Pray, was there not a young person in his house that came from the country?---where is she?"

"Alas! (said my intelligent informer) I fear Mr. Lecour is a worthless man.---There was, as you say, Sir, a poor young woman in the house, who was deserted and turned into the streets; but what became of her afterwards, I know not:---all I know is, that the man and his wife are fled, and that they carried off with them every thing of value."

This shocking intelligence drove me almost distracted.---Alas! where was now my lovely girl? I cried.---Undoubtedly a wretched wanderer; reduced to the utmost straits of poverty!---for I was convinced the infamous fellow, in whom I had placed so much confidence, had eloped with the cash I had entrusted to his care; and which I left

left with him, solely to be appropriated to her use.

Ah! my friend, what a dreadful train of evil attend seduction! for though I was innocent of this affair of my perfidious servant, yet I was primarily the cause of every distress she might thereafter fall into.---Did the gay and thoughtless think of those miserable consequences which commonly attend guilty attachments,

“ Vice would stand appall’d

“ — And heedless rambling impulse

“ Learn to think.”

It is impossible to express the regret I suffered in being now convinced I had lost Fanny for ever--- I went down to my seat at the Abbey:-----in vain did company, amusements, or books, offer themselves for my relief:-----the idea of
my

my poor injured girl was never a moment absent from my thoughts :——I heard her sweet voice, in the artless notes of the plaintive nightingale :——I saw her opening beauties in the freshness of the budding rose :——I saw, I heard her in every object round me.

To avoid the pain of remorse, I fancied the dissipation of a public place might, in some measure, alleviate my half-distracted mind :——and as it was then the season for Buxton, I immediately repaired thither.

There is a romantic wildness in that part of England (which you know is Derbyshire) that I had never before met with. I often took my horse, and without a servant, rose early, and rambled among the rocks and mountains, as chance directed.——One morning, particularly, I rose by break of day, and, un-attended, rambled so many miles, that I was insensibly got into what
is

is called the high peak of Derbyshire.—After I had surveyed, with equal delight and astonishment, some of the most romantic and beautiful spots of nature, I stopped at a small house of public entertainment to refresh myself and my horse. Here I staid during the heat of the day; and was informed by my old honest host, that there were, a few miles from thence, some natural curiosities among the rocks, greater than any I had yet seen.

My curiosity being excited by this account, I soon set out again to pursue my ramble; and in my way to the place I was directed, I passed through the most solitary spot I had ever seen;---- it seemed, I thought, perfectly detached from the rest of the world. --- I stopped for a few minutes, to survey the richness of the prospect of broken cliffs, woods,
and

and water-falls.---- You know, my friend, I am quite an enthusiast in my admiration of the works of nature.---I saw a few straggling houses in the valley, which made me imagine there was a small village near; and I was confirmed in this opinion, when I 'spied a little church standing among the trees, on the edge of the precipice, in the most solitary spot imaginable. ---Close to the church-yard, I that moment saw the ruins of an old Abbey, whose ivyed walls, in that romantic situation, had the finest effect imagination could form.

You know my passion for antiquity, and that there is not at this day an ancient castle, ruin, or mouldering Abbey in the kingdom, but what I have visited:---I always think there is an awful kind of pleasure in a retrospective view into antiquity;-----it seems as if we had out-stripped time, and
were

were viewing what we ourselves in the course of a few centuries shall be.---- It is indeed a faithful picture of future events, as well as a history of those that are past.

Delighted with this old gothic structure, I immediately alighted from my horse, and as I was tying him by the bridle to the church-yard rails, my attention was suddenly roused by the solemn tolling of the church bell.----I did not imagine any human Being was near, till looking down the little solitary path, I observed, advancing to the church, a small, but solemn procession of young people, who were attending a country funeral.--- It is impossible to express the simplicity of the scene, which I had a full opportunity to observe, as I opened the church-yard gate myself for this little rural procession to pass through, with the same assiduity and respect, as I should have done
had

had it been for the grandest procession in the land.

As I had never before been a spectator of so rustic a scene, I was particularly attentive.—Six young maids drest in white, with each a nosegay of flowers in her hand, held up the white sheet which covered the plain coffin, which was supported by as many young men.—The simplicity, the decent behaviour, and neatness of this little groupe, greatly excited my attention. I imagined that the departed must be a young woman, from the manner of being attended on this occasion; but my surprise was great, that there were no mourners to follow her to the grave:--there were only a few straggling women and children, at some distance, who only followed as it were by chance.

The circumstance of this young person, whoever she was, having
no

no friends to attend her on this mournful occasion, struck me.—

“ Good heavens (said I to myself) —What! had she no parents?---no brother?---was she related to no person on earth? ———’Tis very strange !”——

Whilst I was making these natural reflections, the little procession was passing slowly on, and was now entering the church. I was seized with a strong curiosity to enquire the name of this young person; or rather, who she was.--- That moment I saw an old woman in the church-yard, who was gathering herbs and simples, whom I went up to.

“ A very decent funeral (said I.)——But pray, good woman, had this young person no friends? There are no mourners I perceive.—— Did she live in this village ?”

“ Ah ! God help her ----(said the old woman) poor young creature !---
’tis

'tis to be hoped she is now at rest;—and the little infant too :— they are both in the coffin together. —I helped to put them in with these very hands.—A finer corpse I never set my eyes upon.”

A tremor seized me that moment, for which I could not account;—and an irresistible impulse led me to ask the old woman— “But who was she?—where did she live?”

“I cannot inform your worship who she was—but an please your honour, dame Dobson, at the mill, and all the village, thought she was some unhappy young creature, that had been deluded and ruined by some great gentleman.—If so, it was a cruel, wicked action.”

“Oh, Harry! what a pang struck to my heart!—I felt this expression of the innocent old woman, with the same force as I should have
have

have done a thunder-bolt from heaven !--- "Gracious God! (said I softly) can this be my Fanny?"--- A guilty conscience, you know, needs no accuser.--- "But, pray goody--- (continued I) how long has she been in this village?--- A little infant! do you say?--- Nay, I only ask out of mere curiosity--- I am an entire stranger in this place."

"Why, Sir, I will tell you all I know."-----

Here she was taken with a fit of coughing, which lasted a few minutes. I was all the while on the utmost rack of painful curiosity.

"Come (said I) be quick, they will be coming out of the church presently."--- The old woman resumed---

"All I know is, an please your honour, this poor young creature came about six weeks ago to dame Langley's, at Hill farm, for a lodging:---"

ing :—now Molly Langley, her eldest daughter, had been up at London, where she caught the small pox, and upon her coming down was seized with that distemper.—I was sent for to nurse Molly :---for I suckled her, and a poor, pining, sickly child she was---”

“ Good God ! (said I, quite out of all patience) what is the history of this Molly Langley to me ?---I was asking you about this poor young creature now in the church :---prith thee come to the point.”

“ Well, Sir, I was coming to that part of my sad story.---she could not get a lodging at Hill farm, so went down to the mill.---A prettier body never was seen ! but, alas ! she was worn away to nothing—nothing but skin and bones before she died---always in tears---and not a shilling to help herself.—This we found out, for she was obliged to sell what she had. I bought this little snuff box
for

for my girl ;"—holding it towards me.

O my friend! what was my distraction, when I saw it was the very box I had given to my poor Fanny, with some other trinkets, on my first acquaintance with her!--- O heavens! (thought I) to what misery must she have been reduced!

The old woman now informed me, she died in child-bed, having suffered much distress; and that her miserable infant expired the day after its unhappy mother.

She was proceeding, when the funeral now came to the grave, which was under a large oak, in the church yard. It was with the utmost difficulty I concealed my strong emotions on this trying occasion:---Ah, my friend, what were they, when I saw the awful ceremony continued at the silent grave,---and when I plainly saw the initial letters of "*F. H. aged nineteen,*" on the lid of
of

of the coffin, when it was putting into the earth!—I could hardly help exclaiming, in the words of Hamlet ;

“ Hold off, till I have caught her

“ Once more in my arms.”

I stood for some minutes lost in silent wonder. What an awful lesson was there before my eyes of the guilt of seduction ! I saw it in all its horrors.

The young maidens dropt a tear, and flung their nosegays upon the coffin,---I had not the least doubt but it was my Fanny who was buried in that grave.

The church-yard being now entirely left, and the young people all gone home, I gave way to a violent fit of grief.---I flung myself on the new-made grave, I wept on
the

the green turf which covered her breathless body, and that of the poor babe, the pledge of our mutual affection.

“ Ah wretch ! (cried I) what have I then murdered my Fanny ? Yes---’tis *I* have sent thee to thy early grave !”

I gave myself up to the most violent transports of remorse ; and, probably should have remained there much longer, indulging all the “luxury of woe,” in the most solitary spot on earth, had I not observed some peasants coming that way from their work ; I therefore tore myself from this fatal place, and mounting my horse in an agony of mind not to be expressed, I rode directly to the mill, which I saw at some little distance, and which, I had been informed, was where the dear injured girl had breathed her last.

When

When I arrived there, a decent-looking woman came to the door, of whom I asked a few general questions of a young woman, I said, who had lived there, and with whose parents I was acquainted. This good woman confirmed what I dreaded to hear, namely, that the poor young creature, who was buried that evening, had been driven to great distress; that she had sold all she had to support herself, "except, Sir, (she continued) this little ring, which she said she never would part with:—given her, I suppose, Sir, by some great, wicked gentleman, who had ruined, and then left her to perish."

Ah, Harry, what a dagger was this to my wounded conscience! I looked at the ring, and was harrowed with remorse, when I saw it was a little diamond heart set in gold, with the initials of my name, and which I well remembered, to my eternal shame, I gave her the fatal night of her undoing.

The

The good woman farther informed me, that her behaviour was so amiable and worthy, in all respects, that they were convinced her sufferings were occasioned by the basest usage; but that she had never discovered the name of her seducer, or parents.

“ And who (said I) defrayed the expences of her funeral?—it was very decent.”

“ Why, Sir, I have a daughter about her age, who was very fond of her. She raised a little subscription for the coffin among the farmers daughters in the neighbourhood:—my Peggy had the management of it all; and the young folks would all go to see her laid in the ground.—You may tell her parents, Sir, she died in my arms,---and so did her poor child:---a fine boy at first, as ever was seen.”

My eyes glistened--I could hear no more for fear of betraying my-

self.-- I gave the good woman a purse of thirty guineas, which was all the cash I had about me.

“ Take this (said I) for all the trouble you have had with this poor unfortunate.” The woman stared ;---what she thought, I knew not, but I left her in a state of surprise.

I got to London as soon as possible, in a situation of mind, which only one of your sensibility and feeling can conceive.

I leave England to-morrow morning, in hopes that variety of scenes may, in some measure, dissipate the mingled passions of grief, and of too late repentance.

Oh, my friend! what must have been my injured Fanny's bitter reflection on me, in her dying moments!---If every libertine felt the stings of guilt as I do at this moment, seductions (with the gloomy

gloomy train of evils which necessarily follow them) would not be so frequent as they are. In the height of the most melancholy despondence, I subscribe myself,

Your ever faithful friend,

BELLAMOUR.

T H O U G H T S

O N

F R I E N D S H I P.

MORE virtues are required to form this refined intercourse, than, to a common observer, is imagined. Before we pronounce a person to be our friend, we should be well convinced that he has a heart susceptible of tender, and generous feelings; and that he is capable of performing substantial and disinterested acts of kindness. Few, very few ingredients, at present, seem to be necessary to form this greatest of all characters. If two ladies drink tea together, or play a poole at quadrille, they are friends. If two libertines get drunk together, they are

are friends. But let us not be deceived by appearances, nor by the mere sound of words. Tell me, if the person you call your friend, will weep with you in the hour of distress?—Will he stand forth in your defence, when the cruel shaft of calumny is secretly aiming its deadly venom to defame your character? If misfortune should oblige you to retire into the humble vale of life, to lay aside your equipage, your servants, your board of luxurious plenty, to which he was a constant guest; I say, will he still think himself happy in your society, and instead of withdrawing himself from a connection which can no longer be an advantage to him, will he cheerfully assist you to bear the weight of your calamities? When you are confined to the languishing bed of sickness, will he leave the gay scenes of pleasure and dissipation, to sit an hour by your side; to hear

with patient attention the melancholy tale of your complaints;—to hold your aching head;—to administer the balm of sympathetic tenderness and consolation to your fainting spirits? Will he shed a tear upon your grave, and lodge your remembrance for ever, in “his heart of hearts?” The man who will not do all this, may be your companion, your gay seducer, your flatterer, but I am very certain he is not your friend.

THE

THE
LIBIDINOUS OLD COCK,
AND
PRUDENT OLD HEN.

A DUET.

Inscribed to an old DEBAUCHEE.

RECITATIVE.

An aged cock, who after chicken ran,
Him sister hen rebuk'd, and thus began.

(Tune, *When all was wrapt in dark midnight.*)

H E N.

Oh, ponder well, my chanticleer,
Of chickens think no more :
The brood's too young, I much do fear,
For cocks of sixty four.

R E C I T A T I V E.

To this advice (may ills such cocks betide !)
In terms like these the wanton bird reply'd.

(Tune, *A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall.*)

C O C K.

Say no more, sister henny, I love a young chick,
And am always well pleas'd when her feathers I
pick,

When clucking about her, I'm quite young agen,
But I never can crow, when I'm with an old hen.

Derry down, down,
Down derry down.

H E N.

Ah, take advice, ere 'tis too late,
And chuse a hen that's old,
Beneath her wings she'll warm your pate,
And eke your gills when cold.

C O C K.

C O C K.

A plague on old hens, the whole race I detest,
Nor will I with one ever feather my nest.
In the stream my bill never with them will I dip,
And for me, one and all, they may die of the pip.

Derry down, &c.

H E N.

When on that comb she casts her eyes,
Those gills of purple hue,
Those spurs of such a frightful size,
What chick will roost with you ?

C O C K.

I tell you once more, I'll have none of your
frumps,
And had rather be capon'd, than mount their old
rumps ;
Then give me a chicken with whom I may chuck,
And I'll warrant, in time, we shall get a young
duck.

Derry down, &c.

H E N.

Ah, brother bird, full well I know,
 No cock begets a duck,
 A bastard brood you'll rear, I trow,
 If you with chick will cluck.

C O C K.

You're right, my dear henny, in what you
 now say,
 So I'll follow no chicken from this very day ;
 A cuckoldy cock, ah, I never will be,
 But the devil may take all the old hens for me.

Derry down, &c.

H E N.

Thou graceless bird, quite lost to shame,
 At such a rate to talk,
 That hens are old, are they to blame,
 Or you, that scarce can walk ?

C O C K.

C O C K.

Your cackling, my henny, with wisdom re-
plete,
Has convinced an old cock that your argument's
meet ;
No longer with chicks, then I henceforth will
roam,
But lead a chaste life with old henny at home.

Derry down, &c.

DEPTEORABLE

DEPLORABLE CASE

OF THE

INSANITY OF A LEARNED CRITIC.

DRIPPING into the London coffee-house a few days ago, there lay before me on the table a small pamphlet, called, An Appeal to the Public, from the aspersions of the anonymous editor of the London magazine, which, to my extreme concern, gave such convincing proofs of the insanity of a worthy man, whom I have long known and esteemed for his many great and good qualities, as well as for his extensive learning, that I could not help lamenting the loss the public will sustain in being deprived of so useful a member. The person I mean is, or rather was, the reputable and learned Mr. Noordhogg (I adhere to

to the true Dutch orthography) whose merit as an author and a man was, before this fatal disaster, so equally poised, that the nicest observer could not say which of them preponderated. His extreme modesty was such, that he never put his name to any performance but once; and that, it is said, he did not write, but with wonderful labour worked it up from old materials. It is owing to this excess of modesty, that his name is so little known; a fault I shall endeavour to rectify, by informing the public that this luminary (now sunk, it is much to be feared, in everlasting darkness) conducted, to the great emolument of his *master*, the arduous and various employments of revisor, supervisor, editor, critic, and putter-together of that fund of erudition the London magazine. He was, before his late misfortune, incontestably a person of the most extensive abilities,

abilities, both natural and acquired. He knew all languages, understood all arts, all sciences; nothing came amiss to him: he judged, praised, censured, or bespattered, with a truly critical, discerning, and impartial spirit, every work that came in his way, and all by a kind of intuitive knowledge, unknown to any of his cotemporary brothers of the quill, for he could do this without even reading a line in any of them, or knowing any thing of their authors. So great a facility had he in writing, that, with the help of a journeyman or two, he could produce you a History and Survey of London and Westminster, a Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, a Bible, with notes explanatory, critical, geographical, scientific, orthodoxical, heterodoxical, metaphysical, &c. &c. &c. in more volumes in folio than they took him weeks in compiling; but the work which
 did

did him the greatest honour, and which will be a perpetual monument of his great and amazing abilities, as well as of that universal philanthropy which influenced him in all his pursuits, is his *Complete Vermin-Killer*. Here, whether we consider him as a citizen, a naturalist, a botanist, a mechanic, or a philosopher, he shines forth with redoubled splendour. His observations are so judicious, his descriptions of the various classes of vermin, his traps for catching, and recipes for destroying every distinct species of them, are truly wonderful, and every way worthy of so uncommon a genius; but, as if it was intended that nothing on earth should be perfect, there is one thing wanting to make this elaborate work what he calls it, a *Complete* history of Vermin, since he has forgot to describe a species that come under that denomination, which have of late years

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years made its appearance, called by the literati the *Minor Critic*, a name supposed to be given it from the great delight it takes in creeping into and defiling books. I would, therefore, recommend it to the proprietor of the copy to get one of his present best hands to supply this deficiency in his next edition, which may easily be done (provided he understands Dutch) by consulting the dissertation of Mynheer Harmen Van Butterkin, where he will find a very accurate description of this animal.

“ It is, says he, of the reptile kind, and though of a very formidable appearance, is the most harmless creature breathing, but rendered so only by its being destitute of every power to do hurt, (which it seems much inclined to) it having neither teeth, fting, horns, or claws; but nature, to make it some amends for this want, hath furnished it with a head almost impenetrable. It delights in
dark

dark holes, and never makes its appearance in the light for fear of danger. Its food, if that may be called so which affords nourishment, and is voided undigested, is printed books, over which it runs precipitately, and seems to devour with great eagerness, leaving at the same time its excrements behind, but which easily blow off with the slightest breath, and without any stain to be seen."

This is the substance of what Mynheer Harmen Van Butterkin says of this ridiculous animal; but as he has not pointed out any method whereby it is to be destroyed, it were earnestly to be wished that the Laudable Society for the Encouragement of Useful Arts would offer a handsome reward to any one who should make so valuable a discovery.

ADVICE

A D V I C E T O A L O V E R.

A S O N G.

I.

C E A S E, fond youth, in time give over,
 Think what 'tis you sue to gain!
 Chloe, tho' so much you love her,
 When enjoy'd you'll then disdain.

II.

Wou'd you wish the pleasure lasting,
 Fly enjoyment and be wise;
 Eve, an apple rashly tasting,
 Lost our parents Paradise.

III.

What is grandeur, wealth, or power?
 Toys that please at distant view;
 All their charms, possess'd an hour,
 Fade, as Chloe's will with you.

IV.

Then nor strive, nor longer trifle
 For a conquest, which when won,
 Will your tender passion stifle,
 And you'll find yourself undone.

ON
RURAL SIMPLICITY,

*In a LETTER from a Gentleman to
his Friend.*

DEAR CHARLES,

YOU will excuse my silence to your last letter, when I inform you, I am but this moment returned from a long ramble, I lately made into a distant county. In short, I came to a determination in June last, to disprove that sentiment of yours, and of many others, "that peace, innocence, and rural simplicity, is no where to be found but in pastoral romances."

You may remember when I last saw you, we had a long argument, in which you endeavoured to persuade me that the race of shepherds and shepherdesses were extinct: that
there

there were only a few sun-burnt hags who assumed the latter title, whilst the admired name of shepherd is now devolved to some rude clown who never was worth either a crook or scrip; but who occasionally, drove cows, tended sheep, and fed hogs, at the will of his employer.

Determined to confute these wicked notions of yours, I set out on a ramble unknown to any one in that sweet month, in which the country is the most beautiful garden in nature.

I travelled above an hundred miles from the metropolis, and arriving at a large town, in a romantic and pleasant county, I dismissed my chaise and my servants, being determined to ramble alone, into the most unfrequented and solitary spot I could find.

I accordingly mounted my horse, and amused myself till towards evening in viewing prospects inexpressibly
delightful;

delightful ; and at length arrived at the most perfect solitude I ever beheld. The situation was delicately romantic, if rocks, covered with the greenest verdure, woods, which were impervious to the noon-day's sun, and a beautiful river, which fell in natural cascades among those rocks, could make it so. I stopped my horse for a few minutes, to contemplate with rapture and admiration, such an assemblage of natural beauties.

“Here, said I, I will fix my residence :—ah, my friend (continued I, addressing myself in idea to you) I have at last found the sweet abode of solitude herself.—I am convinced here must reign the most perfect simplicity, the most pure and uncorrupted manners in those few cottages I see scattered in that flowery valley.”

Delighted with the idea of enjoying pastoral ease, and rural felicity,
I im-

I imagined, in opposition to your profane opinions that I should find the names of Phebe, or Amaryllis, engraven on every tree; and that the race of Colin Clout and Corin were not yet extinct.

I was determined to finish writing those pastorals I began last summer, in a retreat which it was impossible but the muses must favour by their presence.

I looked round this enchanting scene, in hopes of spying some cottage where I might fix my abode for the summer months; when, on the declivity of a romantic precipice, I espied a small, low farm house; the beauty of whose situation was much heightened by a natural cascade, which gushing out from the side of the rock, formed a beautiful stream in the valley beneath; and after passing through a meadow covered with flowers, bent its course to a corn mill at a little distance.

I was

I was in some small dilemma, whether I should not (being fond of water) prefer the mill to the farm; but as I was always an enemy to noise, I rejected the mill, and chose the quiet situation of the farm: but how to get down the precipice to it was the difficulty; and this very difficulty, as it is with every thing else in life, made me more eager to enjoy its pleasures. At last, after much peril and danger of breaking my neck, I gained the bottom of the precipice, which brought me to a little winding path, through a shrubby kind of wilderness, in the middle of which was situated this farmhouse. I was delighted with the simple scenes, which presented themselves: I could not enough admire the broods of young chickens, which were scattered over the little green plat at the door, or the cleanly milk pail, which hung upon the
the

the stile, and I was not a little pleased with the good old house dog, who lay "outstretched and snoring," under a large gooseberry bush, at the door.

These rural scenes, to me, who have been confined these six months to the smog and noise of the great city, were infinitely pleasing: —but I was still more delighted, when I spied in a kind of rustic harbour, seated on a bank of camomile, the good dame herself busy at her spinning wheel, her kerchief whiter than the driven snow, and her apron "more blue than the hare-bell of the vale," gave me the most favourable impression of her housewifery.

I accosted her as civilly as I could, and enquired if she had any rooms in her house to let.

"Alack-aday, Sir, (said the good woman) none I fear fit for such a great gentleman as yourself. (My dress

dress was a laced frock, and hat) I have indeed (she continued) two rooms in the house I keep for the 'squire our landlord, who comes once in a twelvemonth, at Christmas time; but the worst is, your honour (the beforementioned dress, Charles, drew on me this title) would not like to be so far from a town.---We are sixteen long miles from any."

I was in raptures to hear this, and assured her, I liked her house the better on that very account:— In short, we soon struck up a bargain. I found she was extremely communicative; which I have often observed in most people of an open nature, is more the effect of benevolence than impertinence. She shewed me the chief part of her house, perhaps cleaner than many palaces, and would, unasked, conduct me into her dairy, which she called her pride. "Aye (said I) my good dame, here you shine, indeed!"

Her honest countenance brightened with pleasure.

“ It is tolerably neat, Sir, considering we have four cows; and though I keep a feryant girl, I make all the butter with my own hands.”

“ There (said I) you are right: —Girls are apt to be careless.— But pray, continued I, what family have you? (for as yet I had seen no mortal but herself) are you a widow?”

“ No, I blefs God——(she replied) my master (for so she called her husband) is in yonder hayfield---and my only son Joey and the maid are raking after the cart---and I have three daughters.”

I naturally supposed they, too, were making hay, or feeding the poultry; but was out in my conjecture, as you will hereafter find.

The good woman now conducted me up stairs to shew me the best bed-chamber,

chamber, which I was to occupy, and I was greatly pleased with the patch-work quilt, which covered a neat bed, the curtains of which she informed me, were her own spinning: a rare proof of industry! as the little sprigged window curtain, and the exact arrangement of some delft-ware on the free-stone chimney-piece gave an air of neatness to the whole room. The floor was rubbed bright enough to see one's face in; the effects of which over-housewifery, had well nigh cost me a terrible fall, in stepping hastily to the window to examine a very beautiful prospect.

From my apartment I was conducted down into a little garden by my kind hostess, in which she had sufficiently shewn her taste for pinks and carnations, and indeed flowers of all kinds, which intermingled their sweets, by covering a small parterre, which was cut out in a variety of

knots, and edged by a neat border of box. The whole was a perfect wilderness of sweets. The balmy breath of evening exhaled the freshness of the opening rose, and branching honeysuckle.

—— “ The gentle gales,
 “ Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispens’d
 “ Native perfumes, and whisper’d whence they
 “ stole
 “ Their balmy spoils.”

A range of bee-hives compleated the rural scene. By the side of this little flowery spot, ran a small murmuring brook, on the banks of which was formed by nature an arbour of the branches of willows. I sat down on a bank of wild thyme, to contemplate this assemblage of rural beauties. In truth, nothing could exceed them. The distant fall of waters, the lowing of herds, the gentle hum of bees, who were collect-

collecting their evening sweets, from an adjacent field of blooming beans, —whilst the plaintive Philomel, now began to tune, in Milton's phrase, "her love-laboured song." But above all a moaning stock-dove, in the neighbouring grove, and the moon, which was just now beginning to rise in "clouded majesty," attracted my attention.

"I have at length (exclaimed I, in a kind of rapture) found rural peace, and genuine simplicity!"

I was just meditating in what manner I should begin my second pastoral, when my good hostess acquainted me, my supper was ready.

She conducted me into a small parlour, in which were strewed, in various parts of it, a great quantity of lavender, marygolds, rosemary, and other odoriferous herbs, which my careful landlady had already begun preserving for the winter. She made a number of apologies for what she

called my homely repast. It was served with a neatness which became its simple elegance, and consisted of new laid eggs, butter fresh from the churn, strawberries and cream, and honey from the rock.

I retired early to rest, delighted with my new situation; and possibly its novelty was one of its greatest charms.

“ Ah (thought I, before I composed myself to sleep) what are the false pomp of gilded apartments, to be compared to the neat, humble abode of frugal industry?—What are the noise, dissipation and riot of the great town, in its highest enjoyments, when placed in competition with the sweet, silent tranquillity I enjoy, thus sequestered, in this quiet dwelling?”

With these thoughts, I insensibly dropt asleep;—but, alas! I soon found my fine reflections, had in reality been made in vain; as, about
one

one o'clock in the morning, I was awakened by a most confused noise of several females, who came clattering up stairs with their French-heeled shoes, giggling, hoydening, and romping all the way to their chamber, which unfortunately was as close as possible to mine, divided only by a thin partition. I could distinctly hear the words of one, "I die to know if he is a young man." And of another, "I wonder whether he is handsome! La, my dear, I shall be all impatience till I see him."

Who, or what these ladies were, I could not conceive; as I had not heard my landlady mention the least syllable of any other lodgers.—The noisy fashionable expressions I now heard, but ill agreed with the simple quiet and rural peace I had promised myself to enjoy.—Not a wink of rest could I get, for the clamour of the ladies tongues. And

betwixt violent laughings, I could hear the epithets of toad, devil, &c. &c. bandied from one to the other, with all the freedom of speech of the highest bred lady in town. My astonishment was inconceivably great—as you will easily imagine. I waited with the utmost impatience for the morning, when towards it, I dropt into a short slumber, which, however, I was again awakened from, by a violent knocking at the chamber door of the ladies, which was just at the head of my bed.

“ Miss Fanny, miss Fanny, (said the person, who was thundering at the door, and who was the maid of the house) I have got a card for you from the miss Boulters at the mill. They present their compliments, and desire to know if you will make a party at quadrille to-morrow evening at Mrs. Figgs—or if you will go to the——”

“ Heavens

"Heavens (interrupted the lady within) those Boulters pester me to death.—My compliments, and I have been engaged this fortnight for to-morrow:—on Tuesday I shall have a small party at home:-----we have engagements for a month to come."

Away tript the maid with her message. I listened, but heard no more.

"Heavens (said I) am I awake? ---I am surely in the centre of the politest square in London, rather than in a solitary cottage, an hundred miles from the metropolis."

At length the servant maid came to open my window.

"Pray, young woman," said I ---

"My name, Sir, is Cicely," answered the girl.

"Well (said I impatiently) no matter for your name:--I want to know who those ladies are who

arrived here last night, or rather this morning.---Do they come from London? I did not know of any other lodgers."

"Lodgers! Sir, (said the girl in great astonishment) there is nobody in the house but my master, and dame, and the three misses."

"What misses?" said I.

"My master's daughters, Sir."

I had heard enough.

"Ah! (thought I) simplicity, where art thou flown? must I seek thee in the Hebride Isles; or in the wild woods of America?"

Cicely, however, informed me, the misses had been rather late the night before, as they had been to a play.

"A play!" interrupted I.

"Yes, Sir.---Farmer Figg has lett his barn to a set of play-folks--- here just at the bottom of the lane, and the misses goes every night: and to night the play is the Moor and Venus."

I blessed

I blessed myself at what I heard.

On my return from a walk, after breakfast, at past ten in the morning, I sauntered through the kitchen, where the misses were just sat down to their morning tea.----The eldest had on a dirty white gown, drawn through the pocket holes, the second was reading aloud some rapturous scenes in a tragedy, and the youngest was combing a dirty lap-dog.——I was shocked to see the boldness with which they gazed on me, an absolute stranger, and I retired to my apartment as much disgusted as mortified with the noise and dissipation I heard below stairs.

My good dame was busied in her dairy; and I found, from a very mistaken fondness for her children, she had suffered them to amuse themselves just as they thought proper.

At night I was again disturbed as before;——and the day following
not

not a little surpris'd to see three card-tables filled with company; so that one might, with propriety, dignify the meeting with the appellation of a small rout. Farmers daughters, an exciseman, or two, a shop keeper's lady and daughter, &c. made up this respectable assembly.

I soon began to be heartily sick of my situation. My pastoral muse forsook me;—indeed, my mind was as little now inclined to write poetry, as if I had been in a bear garden. I began to think you were right in your opinion of rural simplicity, and that a general deprivation of manners is taking place in every station of life. I, however, still hoped to meet with a shepherd at least; as to a shepherdess, I was not a little disappointed, for in passing one morning through a meadow in which were a great number of sheep, I saw a young woman sitting on the grass, picking flowers, and apparently
(as

(as I thought) watching the flock.

I accosted her with, " So my pretty maid,---what, you are tending your sheep ?"

The girl stared upon me with great astonishment ; and with the most assured, impudent air, I ever saw, answered me very pertly, " Pretty maid ! ---and tending sheep ! not I, indeed.---Pray, Sir, (tossing her head) know who you are speaking to. I am no farmer's hireling, but came here to gather flowers to adorn my hair, in the part I am to play this evening of Statira, in Alexander the Great, in the theatre, at the bottom of the valley. Tend sheep, indeed !---no, I thank my stars, I can get more upon the stage, even in my former profession, which was that of the third wire-dancer, at Sadler's Wells."

I left her majesty, Statira, not a little confounded, that I had mistaken

taken a strolling player for an innocent shepherdes.

I found a general depravity of manners, even in the most sordid hut of poverty; not a day passed, but I saw the miserable inhabitants of a few straggling cottages, sipping their tea twice every day, surrounded by a set of ragged children, who had scarcely bread to eat.

The family of the Primroses, (the name of the people where I lodged) were not more depraved in their manners than their neighbours. The follies of the great are as contagious as their vices. If you should wonder how such a country girl as Fanny Primrose could get the fashionable phrases she made use of, with the habit of idleness with which she had infected her sisters, I should say, that she had a cousin, who had a cousin, who waited on a lady in town, which
cousin

cousin sometimes visited at the farm, whose custom it was to bring with her from London some of the worst kind of books for their reading, every one of which these girls had almost got by heart:—and to complete their ruin, once in a summer, (that pest of society) a set of strolling players occupied a barn in the village, where they exhibited a few loose, bombast speeches, which they called plays.

On my asking one day for a book, one of the girls brought me a volume of the new *Atalantis*, which I returned directly with visible marks of displeasure on my countenance. I could not help remonstrating to the fond mistaken mother on the occasion, telling her, that I feared her daughters were in the high road to ruin. She could not be brought to believe it, and thought it hard to deprive the poor things,
as

as she called them, of a little innocent pleasure.

Not able to endure the riot and noises of this house any longer, I tried to find rural peace, and simplicity of manners in a small cottage, about a mile from thence, where the family consisted of only a man and his wife: but alas! I was worse here than even before; as I saw, the day after my arrival, a skittle ground under my window, to which constantly every evening, after they had done work, all the idle fellows, for miles round, resorted.—— The swearing, quarrelling, and fighting, which now for four hours every evening, I was witness to, was not to be endured.

As you are well acquainted with the strictness of my morals, I need not say, I thought it my duty to reprimand the behaviour of these idle fellows; but I got only abuse
for

for my pains with a volley of oaths; telling me, "It was strange indeed, if a set of hard-working, industrious men, could not, after the labour of the day was over, amuse themselves with a little innocent pastime, without being called to an account for it, by a damned impertinent fellow."

You may imagine I left the house immediately. I went to the next village, and stopt in a solitary part of it, at a low house, where I hired an apartment, in which I hoped I should enjoy peace at least; as the family was so very small, that it consisted only of a mother and her son; a young man, whom, on my arrival, I did not see. But, alas, here I was waked the next morning by the most disagreeable of all sounds the tooting of a learner, on the German flute, directly under my window. This, you must imagine to me, who have, you know, a particular

ticular taste for music, was dreadful : and my impatience was sufficiently exercised, in being obliged to hear, for three hours together, the four first bars of Foote's minuet, and the last part of an old trumpery march, played at least fifty times over, in the most wretched manner.

At breakfast the old woman informed me, that her son was by trade a hair-dresser ; and that he taught the violin and German flute.

The young man now appeared ;--- the greatest coxcomb I ever saw.--- He put a paper in my hand, setting forth that he “dressed hair in the “newest French taste, either in a “crape toupee, or in scolloped, “promiscuous, regular, or irregular “curls ;” adding, when he presented the bill, “that he hoped he “might have the honour of taking “care of my head.” I replied, rather peevishly, that I wore a wig.

Three

Three or four misses now came in, from the neighbouring village, to have their hair drest, which they begged might be in the newest French taste.

I was much disgusted at what had passed, and on my retiring to my room, could not help exclaiming, "Heavens! is this rural simplicity?"

The girls heads were now, as I saw from my window, sent away with their hair exactly copied from the engraved heads of the most fashionable ladies prefixed to the yearly memorandum pocket books. My pity for their folly prevented me from laughing heartily at such a set of Gorgons.

The scraping of a wretched violin in the evening, with the pipings of a German flute, determined me to leave the house the very next day, which I did early: but I found it impossible to get another lodging in that

that part of the country : no family would admit me, as I understood, from the variety of houses I had lodged in, and I was every where called by the name of the discontented gentleman.

Heartily disgusted with all I had seen, and in despair of ever meeting with genuine simplicity, in a nation which is so over-run with false-taste, I determined at once to set out for London again, and to content myself, once every day, with a walk in St. James's Park.

As I was riding to the next great town, where I intended to hire a post-chaise for my journey, I overtook a gentleman likewise on horse-back, whom, by the purple housings to his saddle, and by his dress and manner, I guessed to be a clergyman.

He bade me good morrow with that kind of chearful benevolence, which is always the effect of a
good

good heart. We very soon entered into chat, and he informed me (unasked) that he had the cure of souls (as he phrased it) of the neighbouring parish, and that he was then going to the visitation, at the next town. I was much pleased with the conversation of this good man. As we rode together, he viewed me attentively; and at length asked me, if I belonged to those parts.

As his openness of behaviour had banished all reserve on my part, I fairly owned to him the cause of my taking so long a journey into a remote county from London, merely to enjoy rural simplicity, with the genuine, pure, uncorrupted manners of the country.

The gentleman stared upon me with the utmost amazement, as if he believed me bereft of my senses.

“Indeed,

“ Indeed, Sir, (he replied) you astonish me.—Simplicity!—uncorrupted manners of the country!—Alas!—a general taste for luxury, dissipation, and what is falsely called pleasure, is universal.—You may talk of your London vices, but be assured, there is not a single species of idleness, or profligacy of manners, but what we abound in, as well as the most populous city on earth. Human nature is the same every where. The poorest hamlets, in the most remote parts of England, have their wakes, their drunken revels, and debaucheries of every kind.—I assure you, in my own little parish, not an evening passes in the meanest cottage, but the women (whilst their husbands are gone to get drunk at the ale-house) sit down to their tea, and then to a greasy pack of cards, as constantly as they go to bed and
to

to sleep.——When I was a young man like yourself, I imagined shepherds were piping in every grove, and that shepherdesses were tending their flocks in every meadow.——

I am not (he continued) talking of the degeneracy of the age, for I am fully persuaded, that in all ages, and in every nation and climate, we may see the same passions, affections, and appetites, mingled together with the same virtues, and the same vices. Though our forms and modes are different, yet human nature, we may depend on it, has always been invariably the same. I am not going, in a lamentable strain, to exclaim that vice was never so triumphant, or that the times, were never so wicked as the present; for in truth, I believe there is no manner of difference. As to rural simplicity, and country innocence of manners, which you, Sir, have been in search of,

of, you might have continued your pursuit of them till dooms-day, and been equally disappointed. The reigning taste of the present age is dissipation, and a variety of idle pursuits, which go under the name of pleasure. The country catches the follies from the town: and if the fine London lady has her routs, morning auctions, and pantheon, &c. the peasant's wife has her tea-drinking parties, and her daily junkets, though her children may not have a shoe to their feet.— If the libertine, in high life, has his dice, his kept mistress, and his running horses, the country clown, in the remotest corner of the kingdom, will have his game at all fours, his trull, and his drunken quarrels, at a bull-beating.—With respect to the times, I have always observed the days of good old queen Elizabeth, as she is called, are always quoted on these occasions;

occasions in comparison to the present. ——— “Aye, they cry) those were days indeed! women then were notable housewives,——hospitality was then inseparable from the character of a nobleman.”---Perhaps this may be true, but I would bet a small wager, that the age I speak of was not a jot wiser or better than the present.——Mankind was, and ever will be, the same, with regard to a thirst for pleasure, though the opinions and modes of enjoying it, differ in every century.”

My worthy and sensible fellow-traveller now was obliged to end his conversation, as we were just arrived at the large town from which I was to take post-chaise for London. I parted from the good man with that kind of regret, which one cannot help feeling, in being separated from those with whom one would wish to commence a

durable friendship, and which at the same time, there is very little probability of enjoying,---as in the above case.

I invited this gentleman most heartily to my habitation in town;—but he shook his head.

“I have no desire (said he) to take a London journey, alone. Not that I pretend to avoid it on account of your town follies, and dissipations, (for they are the same in all places) but I am tied to my cure, which, with a small income of barely fifty pounds a year, I find it no easy matter to maintain a wife and eight children.”

Here we parted, and I finished the remainder of my journey alone. Yesterday I arrived in town, and am determined to take the earliest opportunity of recommending the worthy clergyman to our bishop, for the living of L——, when it becomes vacant, which is a rectory of four hundred pounds per annum.

I am

I am now going to finish my pastorals at last, in the smoke of London, at my lodgings near Charing Cross, instead of the pure air and romantic bank of willows, by the side of the brook at S——.

“ Simplicity, sweet peace of mind,
 “ Whence pleasure borrows taste,
 “ Daughter of virtue ! whither art thou fled ?
 “ To what calm cottage, to what blameless shade,
 “ Far from this isle ? ”

Adieu, dear friend,

I am
 ever yours, &c.

T. H.

E S S A Y

ON

C H A R I T Y.

THERE is no virtue so much talked of, nor perhaps so little understood as this duty. The generality of the world confine it wholly to alms-giving: they have no other idea of charity. People of middling, or straitened circumstances, continually cry, "I cannot be charitable, because I am not rich:" which is a plain proof in what light they understand this virtue. Whereas, it is, in fact, an universal benevolence and affection, extended to every created Being. It is, to be candid interpreters of the

the actions of others; to lament their failings; to be ready to mitigate and excuse their faults; to pray for our enemies, our persecutors and slanderers; to instruct the ignorant, to sooth the afflicted:— In fine, to overlook the frailties, and do all in our power, to relieve, assist, and alleviate the distresses of our fellow-creatures.

Our blessed Saviour lays the greatest stress on that part of this great duty, which relates to the love of our neighbour: it seems his darling precept.

He says, in St. John, xv. 12. “this is my commandment, that ye love one another.” And the Apostle tells us, “to dwell in God, who is love.”

Above all things, we should endeavour after this universal benevolence: for as all virtuous dispositions are acquired by acts of virtue, it is impossible we should

L 3

acquire

acquire the disposition of universal love, unless we universally practise it. The whole Christian religion is an institution of love; of the love of God to man; of man to his fellow creatures.

That the particular branch of charity of alms-giving, is attended with the most exalted satisfaction, that a good man can receive, is well known to those whose circumstances enable them to enjoy the delightful pleasure of feeding the hungry, and cloathing the naked. It is so highly pleasing and acceptable to God, that Christ makes the final sentence of the last judgment to depend on it. "Come, ye blessed of my father (says he) inherit the kingdom prepared for you. For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat, &c." Nay, this duty is so highly acceptable, that he looks upon all offices of charity and compassion to the poor, as instances of kindness done to himself.

self. (St. Matthew xxxv. 40.) "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

But let not those unhappy persons who are in low, or straitened circumstances, imagine that they have it not in their power to be charitable, because they have it not in their power to give alms; for there are an infinite number of other ways of practising this heavenly virtue, as the design of this little Essay is to shew. Let not those be discouraged, who cannot subscribe to a magnificent hospital, or any other great and public work of the like nature. If they have not pounds to bestow in works of charity, let them consider how precious, how exquisitely meritorious, in the sight of our Blessed Saviour, was the widow's mite.

Arpasia, a lady in very straitened circumstances, is a shining proof
 L 4 how

how charitable we may be, without giving alms. Her husband's income is barely sufficient to support his excellent wife, his children, and a few servants; and yet not a day passes, but the poor of their parish (which is in the country) and the neighbouring villages, are benefited by this admirable woman, without having it in her power to bestow a single shilling. The chief study of her life, (next to the duties she owes her husband and her children) is how she may give her assistance to the poor. Lest this should be thought impossible, without giving money, I shall mention the methods this amiable woman makes use of for the above purpose, and which is in the power of every one, in some degree, to do, however low may be their circumstances.

As I spent a week lately with Arpasia, I had an opportunity of observ-

observing the following proofs of her benevolence.

On the evening of my arrival, I found her sitting with a very young infant at her breast, to whom she was administering nourishment alternately with her own. She informed me the unhappy mother of this poor child, had been seized with a malignant fever a few days before, and that the little innocent was just perishing with want.---An angel might have looked down with pleasure on the smiles of this helpless babe, whilst the amiable woman pressed it to her maternal bosom.

The day following, she made an apology for the absence of her two maid servants.

“ I have sent one of them (said she, with a look of tender feeling) to nurse a poor wretch, who is dying with a cancer; and the other is gone to watch all night by a day labourer's wife, who is in the last stage of a deep consumption.”

I observed the man servant, two hours every day, was sent to assist the aged poor, by working in their gardens, and getting them fuel.

What airs would not fine town-bred servants give themselves, to be set about such employments for the poor ! But these worthy servants endeavour to copy the benevolence of their excellent master and mistress.

Arpasia devotes three hours every day to instruct the children of the poor in the principles of religion, reading, and working at their needle. Her winter evenings are not spent in cards, or in that most ridiculous of all customs, formal visits, but in working, with her own hands, for every indigent object in her neighbourhood. How delightful is it, to see this amiable mother (still lovely in her person) sitting thus employed in the midst of her children, who are all trained to the same benevolence, according as their tender years will admit !

Fanny,

Fanny, the eldest daughter, (who is twelve years old) was spinning linen for the poor; and the next sister of ten years, assured me she had not been idle, for that the last winter she had knitted twelve pair of stockings for as many little girls of her own age.

But above all, I was delighted with a little prating girl of five years, who desired she might pick flax for her sister's spinning, because, she said, it was doing something for the poor.

The boys of this benevolent pair are educated with the same charitable principles. I one day saw the eldest boy, a child of eight years, in the midst of his sports and play, instantly leave them, and run out of the house to open the gate for a beggar, because, said he, this beggar is a poor old man.

What may we not hope, in future, from minds so deeply impressed with

with the desire of doing good, thus early initiated in the practice of this divine virtue of charity?

Nor is the husband of the above good woman less charitably inclined. Not a day passes, in which he does not either instruct the ignorant, soften the angry and envious, reconcile strife and different opinions of his neighbours, or comfort the afflicted.—One may justly call the lives of these excellent people a continual series of compassionate and benevolent actions to every living creature in distress, in which ministering angels might join their cares for mankind.

As the village in which this good man resides is very remote from a physician or surgeon, he has, for many years, applied his leisure hours to the study of those beneficial sciences, physic and surgery, merely for the aid and relief of his poor neighbours.

I have

I have dwelt on the excellence of this benevolent family, to shew that we may be charitable without being rich, or impoverishing a scanty fortune, barely able to support the wants of a large family of children. Let no one, therefore, imagine, that because they are not possessed of great riches, that they cannot be charitable to the poor.——Arpasia, and her excellent husband are shining proofs to the contrary, though without a single guinea to bestow:——but the true riches are theirs;——they are rich in good works.

What a melancholy contrast to the above characters are Sophronia and Chremylus! People of large fortune, but of so sordid a disposition, that they were never known to bestow a shilling to the poor.——They make a pretext for their avarice, merely because they happen to have children. Sophronia argues thus:

“ Surely

“ Surely we may do what we will with our own :—charity begins at home. It would be an endless thing, indeed, if we were to listen to every tale of imaginary distress.—Let the poor work ;—there is sufficient employment for every industrious person.—I will never give my money to support people in idleness ; and those who are incapable of working, the parish is bound to provide for.—We pay high enough to the poor’s rates, I am sure.—Besides, there are so many cheats in this world, that one really does not know who is, or is not, an object worthy of relief.—I have children of my own, and may have more, all of whom must be provided for.—Besides, I am obliged from our rank in life, to dress like the rest of the world : and what with card-money, and supplies for a few other innocent amusements, I find I have no sums to spare.—But, after all,

all, the parish is bound to take care of its poor."

The prudent Chremylus quiets his conscience, with respect to his charitable duties, in the following manner, as many other rich men do.

"I know the value of money too well to part with it for the support of those whom nature meant should work.---Oeconomy is the offspring of virtue, and charity the parent of vice, as it begets sloth and indolence, by which the community suffers.---Charity!---Ostentation and pride make people charitable.---I will have none of it. Let those who seek occasions for silly praises from others, give away their money, I will keep mine for wiser purposes, and sit down contented with self-approbation. --Why should I not?---I do no injury to any man; I pay every tradesman his bill; I neither commit adultery, theft, or murder. I am no blasphemer, have an enlarged

larged faith, and go to church as often as others do. I neither covet, nor desire my neighbour's goods; then why should I part with mine?"

The misfortune is, this language is not confined to Chremylus alone; there are too many to be found, who look upon themselves as absolute proprietors of their own riches, and not as the accountable dispensers, and stewards of God. They are of opinion, that to feast high, to dress in the most expensive taste, to follow every public amusement this gay world affords, are no offences against God, though they are, in no respect, beneficial to mankind.

But I would have these people consider seriously and frequently, that, by their extravagance, superfluity, and unnecessary expence, they render themselves incapable of being of use to the poor and needy.---Let them consider St. Paul's expressive eloquence on this head:---"Though
I have

I have all knowledge, and all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing."

The parable of the rich man in the gospel can be accounted for no other way than that he was, in some instances, negatively good; and, perhaps with respect to himself, had performed some duties of a positive nature, but that he had not employed his substance to the support and maintenance of the poor, and the public benefit of mankind. It must, therefore, be confessed, to be a general mistake to say, that every man has an absolute right to that which is his own; and consequently that he is at liberty to dispose of it in what manner he pleases. For if there had been any thing more remarkable in the behaviour of this rich man in the gospel than his want of charity, in all probability it had been recorded in that parable for the instruction of mankind:

kind : but since nothing of that sort is mentioned, the whole of it (as to the principal design) must be interpreted to point out this great and momentous truth, “ that to go so far in our expences, in supporting the pride and luxury of life, as to render ourselves unable to be charitable and beneficent to the poor, will be as perpetual a source of disquietude to us, in this world, as it undoubtedly will be of misery in that which is to come.”



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

